



No. 66.—VOL. VI.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1894.

SIXPENCE.
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MISS EMPSIE BOWMAN, MISS DOROTHY HANBURY, AND MISS ISA BOWMAN
IN "THE LITTLE SQUIRE," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday. Lord Rosebery presided at a house-dinner of the City Liberal Club to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of its foundation. He referred to that vast mass of Liberal opinion in this country which has come to feel that its position suspended, like Mohammed's coffin, between the heaven of the Tory party and the earth of the Liberal party. The Premier also received a deputation of representative coal-owners, who placed before him their objections to the Eight-hours Bill for miners; but he did not feel that their gloomy prognostications were absolutely justified, for the great excess of hours of labour in foreign countries over those in England will not, he thinks, continue for long.—Mr. Fletcher Moulton, Q.C., is to be the Liberal candidate for South Hackney.—The London County Council declined to increase Sir Peter Edlin's salary.—Carnot and Polti were charged together for the first time at Bow Street with having explosives in their possession, and the additional charge was made against them of conspiring together to cause danger to life and property. The book found in Polti's possession, and written by him in the dialect spoken on the shores of the Lake of Como, whence he comes, showed, Mr. Avory contends, that Polti was not an innocent agent in the hands of other men. It contains threats against "the villain Melville" and the "barbarities committed by the bourgeoisie."—This was the anniversary of the marriage of the Emperor and Empress of Austria.—The Socialistic agitation among the Hungarian agricultural labourers has assumed increasingly serious proportions.—The Pope said Mass before 8000 Spanish pilgrims in St. Peter's.

Wednesday. Mr. Swinburne's new volume, "Astrophel, and other Poems," was published to-day.—Lord Roberts presided at the 104th anniversary of the Royal Literary Fund, thus acknowledging that the pen was in truth mightier than the sword. Mr. Bayard, the United States Ambassador, spoke of England as the treasure-house of literature, in which his countrymen were interested equally with Englishmen.—The Prince of Wales was installed (in his absence), for the twentieth year in succession, Most Worshipful Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of English Freemasons.—Lord Aberdeen received the LL.D. of the Queen's University at Kingston, Ontario.—Epping Forest was visited by the committee of experts appointed by the Corporation, and they expressed the opinion that the trees should not be cut during the present season.—By a fire in a provision dealer's premises at Bellsbridge, Ormskirk, near Liverpool, four persons lost their lives.—"A human ostrich:" by no other name can the man on whose body Mr. Wynne Baxter held an inquest at the London Hospital be called. He made his living by amusing people in public-houses at night by eating all kinds of things. In his stomach were found a bullet, twenty or thirty pieces of cork, twenty pieces of tin-foil, a piece of string 18 in. long, with corks attached, eight pennies, and a piece of leather 9 in. long, with a hook at each end.—The Paris police have arrested an Anarchist named Matha, a friend of Émile Henry, of whom they have long been in search.—The Government of Holland have been beaten by the Liberals.—The first ordinary session of the Natal Parliament under the new Constitution was opened by the Governor, Sir W. F. Hely-Hutchinson.

Thursday. The Queen witnessed a series of manœuvres executed by the squadron of the Queen of England's Own Regiment of Dragoon Guards, which formed her Majesty's guard of honour at the recent royal wedding. Two officers of the Hussar regiment stationed at Paderborn, whose commander is the Czarevitch, arrived at Coburg to present their respects to their imperial chief on the occasion of his betrothal. They had ridden 200 miles in forty-eight hours, but both officers and their horses were in excellent condition. Mr. Condie Stephen, her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires, has been knighted.—Mr. McCullagh Torrenz, the well-known politician and author, died in his eighty-first year, the result of a street accident. He was best known in the House of Commons for his long connection with Finsbury, which he represented as a Liberal in four consecutive Parliaments. His "History of the Cabinets" is expected next month.—The Incorporated Society of Musicians adopted a resolution in favour of the registration of qualified teachers of music.—A boy of sixteen was committed at Blackburn for trial on five charges of house-breaking and felony. In his possession was found a document giving "Instructions to Burglars."—The man De Jong, who was originally arrested on the charge of murdering his English wife and another woman, was sentenced at Amsterdam to four years' imprisonment for swindling.—A War Office clerk was arrested in Paris as an Anarchist.—A train carried off by the "Industrials" in Montana was, after travelling 400 miles, recaptured by a detachment of United States troops.

Friday. The trial of Émile Henry, the Anarchist, began in the Paris Assize Court, and he again confessed some features of his crime, declaring that he chose the Café Terminus for the explosion because it was crowded. He wanted to make as many victims as possible.—Carnot and Polti appeared at Bow Street, and were committed for trial.—Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A., has been selected to succeed Sir Frederick Burton as Director of the National Gallery.—The members of "the" trade, meeting in London, adopted a resolution against the additional duty of sixpence per gallon on spirits. One person, curiously enough, objected.—Mr. Mure Ferguson was beaten at

Hoylake by Mr. John Bull by one hole for the Amateur Golf Championship.—Another violent earthquake shock was experienced to-night over the whole of Greece. Hardly a house is left standing in Thebes.—The New South Wales Government opposes the annexation of the Samoa Islands, and thinks they should be placed directly under British protection. The German Emperor is said to have intimated that Samoa must not be given up.

Saturday. Émile Henry, the Paris Anarchist, was sentenced to death. The Public Prosecutor declared that if the prisoner were allowed to live he would be a permanent menace to society. Henry read a long document expounding his views, and on hearing his sentence shouted from the dock, "Courage, comrades! Long live Anarchy!"—Mr. Rider Haggard, proposing the toast of the "Institute of Journalists" at the annual dinner of that body, questioned whether the "Fourth Estate" should not be called the First.—Mr. H. D. Traill, lecturing on "Literature and Journalism" at the Royal Institution, said that the charge against journalists of being corrupters of the language could not be sustained.—At Christie's, Constable's "White Horse" fetched £6200 and a Gainsborough landscape £3600. Agnew bought both pictures.—A little boy was struck on the head and killed by a golf ball at Dumfries.—Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, was married at Prague to Princess Marie Bertha of Rohan.—President Cleveland has taken fright, it is said, at the industrial situation and the march on the capital. He is urging united action, in order to break up the force of the tramps.—A serious epidemic of small-pox is raging in Chicago.—Admiral da Gama has escaped.

Sunday. The Queen, who left Coburg at seven o'clock last night, after being presented with a bouquet sent by the Emperor William, arrived at Windsor at ten minutes past eight this morning. She is in excellent health.—Among the passengers on the Union liner Tartar, which arrived at Southampton from the Cape, were thirteen members of the South African cricket team. The captain is Mr. H. H. Castens, a barrister in Cape Colony, who is a Brasenose man. The Bishop of Mashonaland, Dr. Knight Bruce, who also arrived, told an interviewer that he intensely disliked the theory that the success of missions or the spread of Christianity can be assisted by the sword.—Mr. Arnold-Forster, M.P., and Mr. Childers went to Cork to be present during the street-preaching and to witness the proceedings.—The Rev. Petr Williams resumed his ministry at Lower Clapton Congregational Church. He preached on the restoration of Naaman.—Mr. John Burns, speaking on Clapham Common, declared that within five years the legal eight-hours day would be part of the law of the land.

Monday. The Prince of Wales left Paris at ten this morning, reaching Dover in the afternoon.—The Queen held a Cabinet Council at Windsor.—The Archbishop of Canterbury unveiled the Wardroper memorial, commemorating a nurse, at St. Thomas's Hospital.—Jabez Balfour is ill, the result, it is said, of the dampness of his prison cell, which has brought on a complication of diseases. The chances of his early extradition have not improved.—The earthquakes in Greece still continue. In the district of Lokris alone 233 bodies have been extricated from the ruins. The desolation everywhere is lamentable.—The Queen Regent of Swaziland has definitely declined to sign any document authorising the Transvaal Government to occupy the country. Swaziland, she says, "is the bride of England and cannot take another husband." Much trouble would be saved if other portions of the Dark Continent were equally monogamous.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—MR. TREE,
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TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, will be produced a Four-act Play of modern life (founded on Octave Feuillet's "Montjoie"), called
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MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, May 5, at 2.30.
Box-office (Mr. Leverton) open 10 till 5, or by letter or telegram.—HAYMARKET THEATRE.

LYCEUM.—FAUST.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.
Mephistopheles Mr. IRVING.
Margaret Miss ELLEN TERRY.
MATINEES next SATURDAY, May 5, and SATURDAYS May 12 and 19 (Margaret, Miss Millward), also SATURDAY, May 26, and THURSDAY, May 31 (Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry), at 2 o'clock. Theatre closed evenings of May 26 and 31. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 till 5, and during the performance. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

EMPIRE.—The Grand Up-to-Date Ballet, THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME, at 10.30, by Mr. George Edwardes. Arranged by Madame Katti Lanner. Supported by Mdlle. Brambilla and Signorina Cavallazzi, Miss Florence Levey, Mr. Will Bishop, Master Zetta, and Signor Vincenti. Grand Varieties. Doors open at 7.45.

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Like her two famous predecessors, Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson, Mdlle. Dagmar cannot remember a time when she was not devoted to music, and she had the advantage of being brought up in a musical and art atmosphere, both her father and mother being, though unprofessional, brilliant and cultivated musicians.

As so often happens, none of those round her foresaw her great gift, the pure soprano voice, which is, even in these days, rare and highly prized by those forming an operatic troupe. After much hesitation, it was decided that the little Carla should be allowed to study the violin, with the view to a professional career, and she spent much of her childhood and youth learning and perfecting herself in instrumental music.

Mdlle. Dagmar had barely entered her teens when circumstances led to her family's emigration to the United States, and it was there that she first discovered that she possessed a voice worth careful cultivation. After studying with one of the leading American voice trainers for some time, she came, accompanied by her mother, to whom she owes much in the way of practical advice and constant sympathy, to Europe, when followed four busy, happy years in Paris, years spent in the most arduous study, for Professor Beer, to whom is due the honour of having really trained and produced the young singer, does not care to work with any but talented and hard-working pupils.

It was during this sojourn in France that Mdlle. Dagmar made the acquaintance of the late Charles Gounod, and she treasures up the recollection of the kindly old master's warm praise and prediction, realised last year in Dublin, that, should she ever have the chance, she would make a great success in his opera "*Philémon et Baucis*."

Mdlle. Dagmar made her *début* at the Royal Theatre, Stockholm, on March 27, 1892. Mother and daughter had gone back to their old home for a holiday, and with no idea of work, professional or otherwise. The manager of the famous Swedish theatre met his young countrywoman at a friend's house, and was so struck with her singing that he offered her

an engagement there and then. The opportunity seemed too good to be lost, and so it came to pass that the city which had been her birthplace some twenty years before saw her brilliant *début* and subsequent successes as Elsa, Lalla Rookh, and Michaela.

It was during their visit to Stockholm that Mdlle. Dagmar was able to fittingly equip herself for the dramatic side of her career by a course



Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

MISS CARLA DAGMAR.

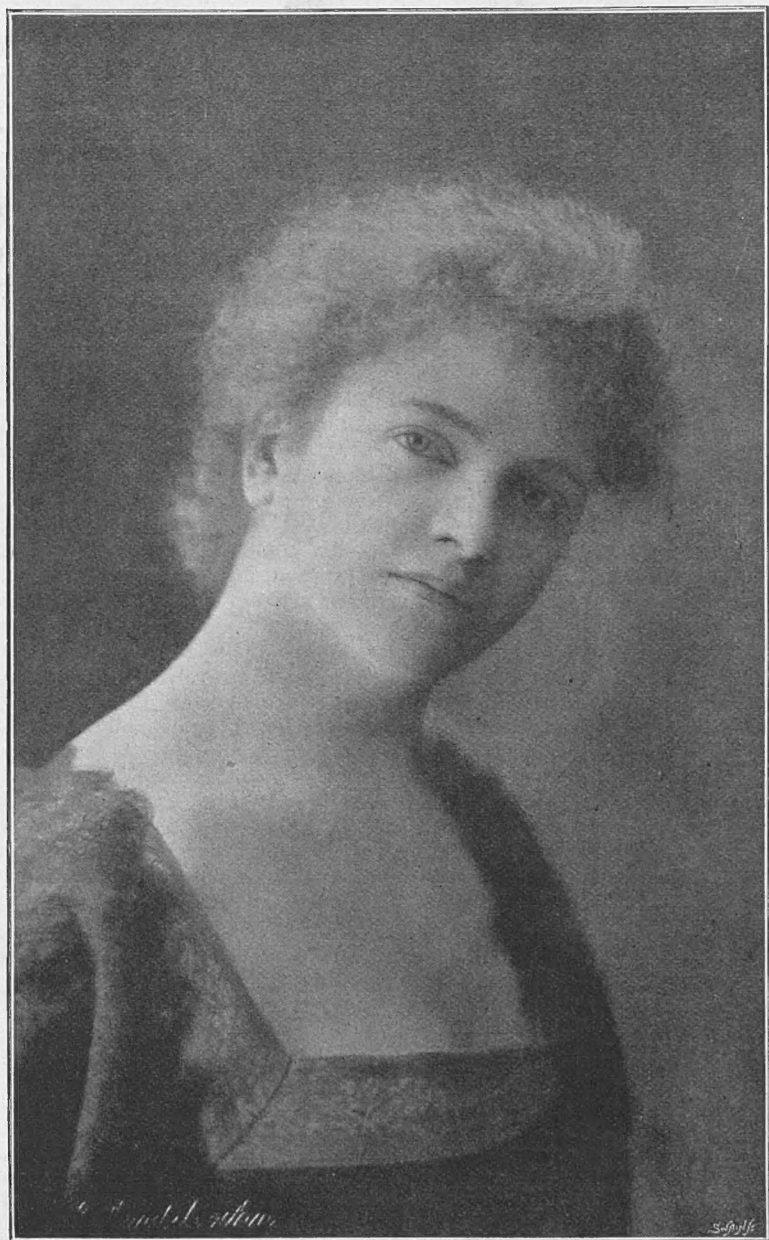


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MISS CARLA DAGMAR.

of lessons with Signé Hebbé, a famous Swedish actress, said to be the best dramatic teacher in the world, and who can count among her past and present pupils Mesdames Nilsson, Albani, and Trebelli.

Carla Dagmar's first appearance in London was made at Drury Lane in the part of Michaela, and although, as she somewhat naïvely explains, she and her mother possessed neither influence nor friends, she was successful from the first, and has had every reason to be satisfied with both her English manager and the public.

Singing French, Italian, Swedish, and English with equal ease, Mdlle. Dagmar has wide musical sympathies. Her two favourite parts are that of Marguerite in Gounod's "*Faust*" and Elsa in Wagner's "*Lohengrin*." She has lately been singing at Drury Lane in "*Cavalleria Rusticana*" the small but far from insignificant rôle of Lola.

Strangely enough, though far darker and utterly un-American in appearance and manner, Mdlle. Dagmar bears a striking resemblance to another sweet singer, Miss Esther Palliser, and they have been frequently taken for sisters. Much greater success even than that which has already been Mdlle. Dagmar's fortune to receive may confidently be prophesied of this amiable young lady.

Dante students are having many helps given to them in these days. Mr. Butler's translations and commentaries were excellent both from a scholarly and a popularly helpful point of view. But the inquirer into Dante's meaning has perhaps still more reason to be grateful to the two volumes of Mr. Warren Vernon (Macmillan) called "*Readings on the Inferno*," which are compiled most ingeniously for an elementary student's assistance. His method has been to deal with the text a few lines at the time, and to give a literal translation of it, while a running commentary and a plentiful supply of parallel passages, with notes and illustrations drawn from ancient and modern commentators, show the order and method of the narrative, as well as the general plan in relation to the other writings of Dante.

THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

"A BUNCH OF VIOLETS," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

If you wish to be a "Napoleon of finance," either you must trust to chance and the toss of a halfpenny like Bertie Vanalstyne in "The Henrietta," or carefully study finance and law, otherwise an elastic conscience may lead you to direst disaster. Such seems to be the moral of the history of Sir Philip Marchant, who tried to set the Thames on fire and got burnt up by his own matches.

Sir Philip started badly. Ere he was knighted, he married a common girl named Ellen Thompson "after the event." It sounds Quixotic, but merely was irrelevantly foolish. They did not live long together, but came to a separation and "armed neutrality," the admitted basis being complete liberty of action for the "high contracting powers." He soon behaved madly and bartered his disputable liberty for the fatal bondage of a bigamous marriage. Not love, but ambition and avarice, drove him to deceive infamously a young woman of good family and wealth, and go through a ceremony of marriage with her, though he knew that her heart was not thrown into the bargain. Providence, in order to punish him, smiled on him for a while. Though he was not at all a brilliant man, his schemes, his "Widow's Mite Company," his "Boanerges Bank, Limited," his "Sunday Anti-Endowment League," and "Peace and Plenty Trust Fund" flourished for a time. You will see he chose farcical titles. However, he was a foolish man, and hoarded none of the chestnuts that he induced others to pull from the gutter for him.

Sir Philip had not altogether a pleasant time at home. His bogus philanthropy did not deceive Lady Marchant, and after some years she knew that she was wedded to a thief; she even told him so bitterly. They had one bond of union—their child Violet, whom the father loved deeply. His feeling for her was the one healthy thing in the man, and the bunch of violets which she gave him every morning he rightly appreciated as the most valuable of his assets. About the time that she became of marriageable age his affairs were in a desperate state.

Ambition had prompted him to stand as Radical candidate for Eastminster, and he had the support of the all-powerful "sons of toil," a body of agitators who, as he remarked, "knew what labour meant—at least, hard labour"; but his companies were in low water, and he was short of cash even for the interest on the mortgage upon his town mansion. Now he had the offer of a South African diamond mine—a mere gravel-pit—for £500, and he hoped for financial salvation by selling it to a Yorkshire man, named Murgatroyd, for £100,000. The man, attracted by Sir Philip's gross false pretences, nibbled seriously, so Marchant invited him to bring his wife and stay at the house. The wife of Murgatroyd, as the expert promptly guessed, was the real Lady Marchant, formerly Ellen Thompson.

The sham Mrs. Murgatroyd had put up her millionaire reputed husband to buy the mine, as she was anxious to meet Sir Philip. Her plan was simple. She desired to blackmail her real husband, so as to have a solid reserve fund, in case her false husband found out the truth and got rid of her. In order to show her power, she caused a rumour to be spread about in Eastminster concerning the curious history of Sir Philip's marriage relations. At first Sir Philip defied her, but he soon gave way, and, in order to buy her silence, agreed to give her half his profit on the mine, and, as she wanted something on account, sent out and bought her a £5000 diamond anchor. Now, the woman was a coarse person, and soon had grown violently jealous of Lady Marchant. Moreover, she had "Cock-and-hen Club" manners. When Lady Marchant found out that the woman had received the diamonds, and that her husband pretended to Murgatroyd that they came from the diamond mine, she became jealous and suspicious.

Of course, Lady Marchant made a scene with Sir Philip, and, as he was a clumsy fool, instead of giving her obvious plausible explanations, he confessed that the woman had been his mistress. Her Ladyship, naturally, was indignant, and vowed that such a person should leave her house at once. The husband said that such an affair before the contract was signed would ruin him, and implored her to be patient, and then ordered her to be silent. She refused, rang the bell, called for Mrs. Murgatroyd, and told her to go. Thereupon, the woman replied, "It is comic that the mistress of Sir Philip should order his wife to leave his house." The bigamist could not deny the truth, had not even an excuse to offer. Only one point was open for discussion before Lady Marchant left the house—the custody of the daughter. Each claimed her; both made fine speeches about laws human and divine: they resolved to leave Violet to decide. They sent for her, and each magnanimously uttered falsehoods in favour of the other; but the real Lady Marchant had already told her the truth, and the daughter sided with the mother. This was a terrible blow to the man, and it was aggravated by the fact that just after he had met it he learned that he would have to pay £50,000 for the mine, and thus, when he had paid his bribe to the real Lady Marchant, there would be a loss on the affair. The rise in price was due to the fact that his secretary, Harker, had dishonestly operated against his employer, and bought up the property.

The next day everything went wrong. A heavy "bear" operation was started against the group of Marchant securities, and a run upon the bank occurred. It was polling day at Eastminster, and rumours of probable disaster arrived. However, Sir Philip still clung to the hope of selling the mine and saving the £50,000 he had paid for it, and Murgatroyd seemed willing. The real Lady Marchant intervened. What she wanted it is hard to say, till she spied the bunch of violets in Marchant's coat. "Give those to me," she said; "I am jealous of her."

He declined. "I'll buy them; take the £5000 diamond anchor for them." He refused. "I'll barter my share in the mine—£50,000!" she cried. He rejected the offer. "I'll go away for ever in peace; no one shall know of your marriage—it is her legitimacy for the violets!" Why she was so urgent, I cannot tell, nor why he persisted; but she went, and in came Murgatroyd and refused to buy the mine.

Disasters poured upon Sir Philip. The bank went to smash, the election was against him, and the mortgagee of the house, in default of his interest, foreclosed at once—a thing as impossible as making sand into ropes. Lady Marchant, not the real but the true wife, came in with Violet to say she had arranged that he should have part of the income of her marriage settlement funds. She could not guess the irony of her offer, the fact that he had embezzled the funds long ago. As a last straw arrived news that he would be prosecuted for the embezzlement: so the lily-livered, weak-kneed, clumsy scoundrel took a dose of poison, and the curtain fell upon this ignoble ending of a ridiculous career.

An effective play is this adaptation by Mr. Sydney Grundy of "Montjoye," though not as effective as the original; it is hard to go beyond the word "effective." The scene of the bargaining for the violets, which brings about the catastrophe, is founded on a deliberate contempt for human motives. One could go right through the play and find that almost every scene contains some form of violation of truth. The dialogue at times is brilliant, even if rather artificial, and there are numbers of small pieces of business that are decidedly telling. To Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree very hearty praise is due for their acting. She, as the sham Mrs. Murgatroyd, gave a splendid picture of the vicious, vulgar, unscrupulous woman, heartless but intense in passion—indeed, so able was her work that it was only afterwards that one felt the unreality of the woman. It was startling to see the actress, hitherto most successful in presenting somewhat languorous, diaphanous maidens, acting with such force as a passionate wicked woman. Mr. Tree played Sir Philip as if he believed in the part: there was an evil grandeur in him, a suggestion of pitiless force and immense energy, yet, when he touched on his daughter, a beautiful tenderness. Had the part been what he seemed to believe that it was, the effect would be immense; as it is, one can but regret that such ability was spent on a part that by no means repaid it. Miss Lily Hanbury, though in many respects charming, was a trifle slow and heavy as Lady Marchant. Mr. Lionel Brough was funny and well-restrained as Murgatroyd.

"THE MASQUERADERS," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

It certainly was a famous evening, famous enough to draw Royalty in the person of the Duke and Duchess of York and the Duke and Duchess of Teck, to say nothing of aristocracy and notable folk, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the Earl of Lonsborough, Earl Cairns, the Earl of Kilmorey, the Marchioness of Granby, the Right Hons. A. J. Balfour and G. J. Goschen, Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir Francis and Lady Jeune, Sir Douglas Straight, Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., M.P., Sir George and Lady Lewis, Mr. C. F. Gill, Mr. "Charlie" Mathews, and others of importance, too many for me to name; indeed, your society chronicler would have had an evening's entertainment without ever looking at the play. Of course, I did occasionally look across the footlights, and as I have not space in this number for serious notice must reserve it till next week.

A famous evening, for we were to see Mr. Henry Arthur Jones set, will he nill he, against Mr. Pinero, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell forced into comparison with her wonderful performance as Paula Wray. It is not hard to deal with the lady: she had no chance of another triumph. Dulcie Larondie is a decidedly passive person. In the first act—an excellent act of exposition and full of interest—she was a lively flesh-and-blood creature; but afterwards she grew listless, almost indifferent, till she fired up in the third act and expressed some strong views forcibly on marriage. In the last act she seemed a changed person. A clever, uneven performance it was, sometimes brilliant, not wholly unsuccessful, but suggesting that she is not a one-part actress. But why the blonde wig and make-up? No doubt, as barmaid they were needful; but they clash with her style of beauty, and rob it of character.

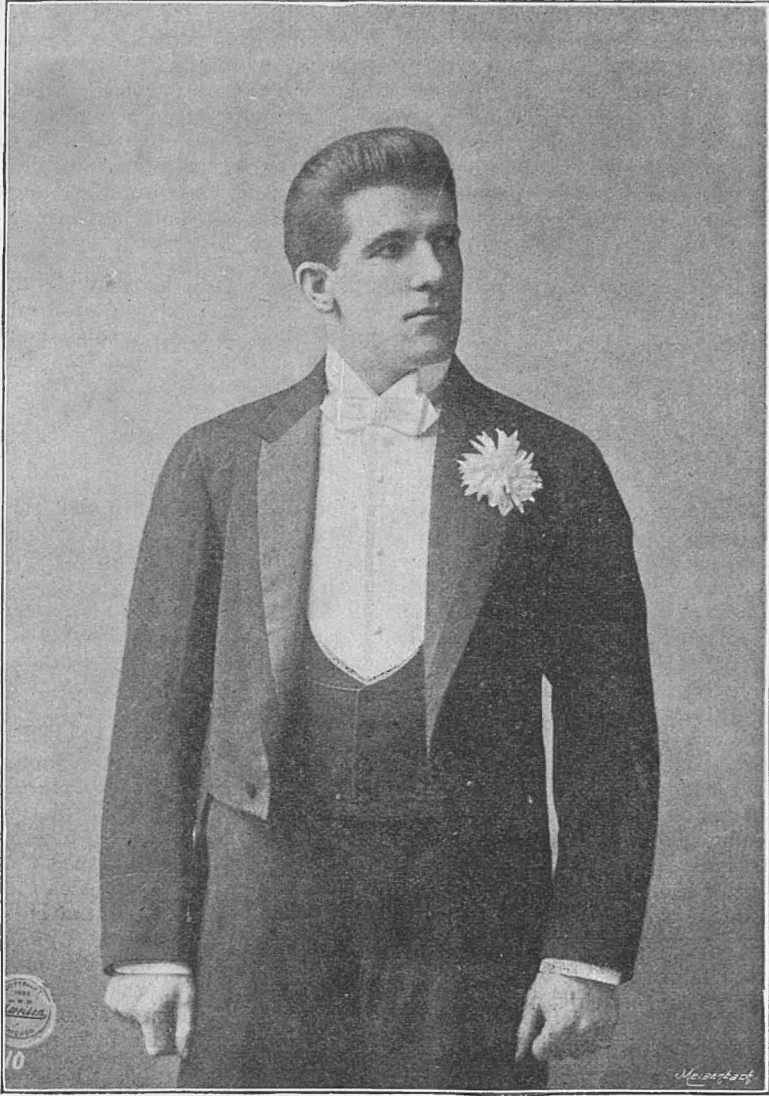
The play? First, a brilliant, somewhat improbable act; then a clever, rather dull act; next an act with a tremendous, though hardly novel, *coup de théâtre* that brought down the house; and, finally, a somewhat pretty, thin, poetical, and unsatisfactory conclusion. A very, very clever play it is, witty and cynical at times, quaintly unsophisticated at others; never wearisome, but occasionally distracting. The third act did the mischief: the blood-and-thunder of the card scene led one to expect something violent in the fourth; the house was prepared for the worst—for murder, suicide, or accidental death—and was disappointed by an ending that seemed to say "To be continued in our next."

Mr. George Alexander was at his best as Remon, and gave a curious, interesting colour to the part, and threw immense fire into the card scene, which was also admirably played by Mr. Herbert Waring. Indeed, people who like thrilling moments cannot possibly afford to miss the third act of the play; the critics may say that it is stagey, impossible, and not even novel, but the fact remains that, though the result is a foregone conclusion, it is exceedingly exciting. The minor parts were excellently played in most cases. No one can deny praise to Mr. H. V. Esmond, Mr. Granville, Mr. W. H. Day, Mr. Ian Robertson, Mr. Vane-Tempest, and Mr. Elliot. The mounting was admirable. The drawing-room scene, in subtle tones of green, decorated with huge bunches of flowers, was quite a triumph; whilst the first set, the court-yard of the inn, if less beautiful, was even more remarkable.

MONOCLE.

A "ROUND" WITH THE CHAMPION BOXER.

Yes, it may be a good headline (writes a representative), but I am afraid it will make Mr. James J. Corbett wince, for his last injunction to me when I left him was that I should say as little as I could about his boxing, and that I was generally to let him down as gently as possible. Well, if it be a blow to him when he opens his *Sketch*, it will not be the



JAMES CORBETT.

Photo by Morrison, Chicago.

first he has had; besides, he is such a mild-mannered man that I have every hope of forgiveness. Indeed, his uniform good temper is one of the secrets of his great success.

Mr. Corbett is "Gentleman Jack" on the stage and "Gentleman Jim" in the ring—that is to say, a gentleman always, and not in name only, but in fact. He is ingenuous and refined, while his conversation is as free from ostentation as is the cut and colour of his wardrobe. As an athlete, he naturally carries himself perfectly, while his intellectual face and well-shaped head are of the type associated with those of the ideal Italian painter or sculptor, a comparison, though, which his American accent somewhat shatters.

"Well, Mr. Corbett, no one, not knowing the fact, would take you for the champion boxer of the world. You don't seem to have been knocked about at all. How's that? For, although I know you have never fought with the 'raw 'uns,' yet those match gloves are very punishing."

"No, Sir; I haven't a mark about me anywhere, curiously enough. You ask how that is? Well, it's difficult to say, unless it's due to my quickness."

"And what do you scale?"

"195 lb. at present, but when I fought Jackson, three and a-half years ago, I was 27 lb. lighter. Oh, yes; there are many men 50 lb. heavier who can hit a harder blow than I can. If it were to come to mere 'slogging,' I should be left nowhere."

"I should like to know how many men you've fought, Mr. Corbett?"

"About 150 altogether—seventy or eighty since I met Jackson."

"Now, whom do you consider the best fighter you ever met?"

"Ah, that's a very difficult question to answer—there are so many types. Take Mitchell, for instance; he is one of the trickiest, while Sullivan is one of the most dangerous. He goes in for such desperate chances—walking in and trying to beat through your guard. When you think he is thoroughly done up, he is liable to pull himself together all at once, and take you by surprise. However, I suppose Jackson may be considered the finest boxer, since it was a drawn battle between us after sixty-one rounds in a four hours' fight, the longest heavy-weight contest on record."

"And you are going to meet Jackson again?"

"Oh, yes; most certainly; but when I can't exactly tell you—not just yet; not till after my tour, probably."

"And that will be an extended one?"

"Why, certainly. We shall visit all the chief provincial towns in England, Ireland, and Scotland. You know, I have played in the piece 'Gentleman Jack' more than one thousand times. No; not in a consecutive run. We would play it for six months, and then I'd get back to my training at Asbury Park, and after a big fight was over I'd go on tour again. Do you understand?"

"Possibly you come of a dramatic as well as an athletic family?"

"No, Sir; neither the one nor the other; and what is more, I was reckoned in California, where I was born, though I'm of Irish descent, quite the most delicate of my five brothers; but I took to gymnastics and sparring at the club after my duties were over at the bank where I was engaged. And I was always fond of the hand-ball game, and especially of base-ball. I pretty well cut my hand open at that."

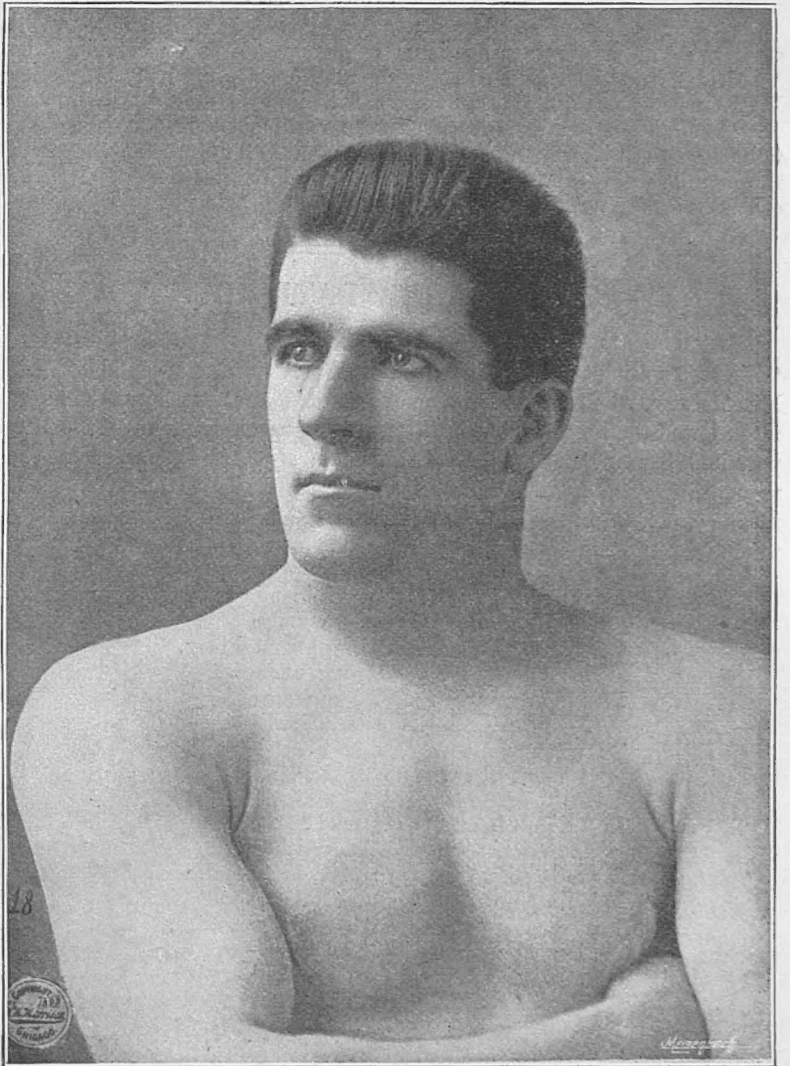
"I remember your compatriot Ives was a 'dab' at that game."

"Ives? Yes, you're right. Ives is a regular old pal of mine. Before he left for England to play against Roberts I bet him a hat I'd be a champion of the world before he was. But I lost my hat, of course."

"I'm afraid I have diverted you from your biographical reminiscences."

"Let me see. Well, at seventeen I showed so much aptitude with the gloves that Walter Watson wanted to take me on the road, and put me up in the market, as we say. But I did something different, for I ran away and got married."

When young Corbett came back he filled several positions as clerk and cashier, giving lessons on boxing all the while, until, on the place of business he was connected with failing, he went in as a sparring instructor exclusively. His address with the gloves was such as to prompt his



JAMES CORBETT.

Photo by Morrison, Chicago.

friends suggesting to him to meet various well-known pugilists, among whom Jack Burke, Choynski, Kilrain, Jackson, Sullivan, and Mitchell may be cited.

Corbett's record shows that he has had big fights within a very short space of time, for he fought Sullivan and Mitchell within a year, while he met three challengers in Madison Square Gardens within a couple of years.

"And have you aspirations to play Hamlet, Mr. Corbett?" I asked him, airily.

"Not at present," he replied in the same vein. "'Gentleman Jack' will serve my present turn. I'm sure I have to thank your Press and the public for a most flattering reception. Dear me, what a time I'm

having! I don't believe there's a place in the world like London for hospitality. I can assure you my dear father and mother, who are with me, are just ten years younger since they have landed."

"Now tell me what has been your dramatic experience."

"Well, it's longer than it is varied, you know; but I have always had a taste for the boards. I went in for it pretty heavily as an



CORBETT TRAINING.

amateur; but my first professional engagement was undertaking the 'sparring' in the Concert Hall scene in Boucicault's play of 'After Dark,' when some lines were written for me."

"Well, a more realistic scene I have never looked on than the glove fight now given nightly at Drury Lane, and I think the management thoroughly deserves the encomiums bestowed on it. It's a pity the other scenes are not better mounted."

THE LARGER LATITUDE.

"There's no point on which distinguished views are so acceptable," said Mr. Morrow, who represented a syndicate of thirty-seven journals, as he interviewed the literary lion, Neil Paraday, "as on the question of the permissibility of the larger latitude." So says Mr. Henry James in recounting "The Death of the Lion" in the *Yellow Book*. The same idea is expressed in the following lines, in which some latitude has been taken with the rhymes—

I think you'll find the public mind
Has had opinions long enough
On hosts of things—the rights of kings,
Or "Is the Navy strong enough?"
But high and low desire to know
Distinguished people's attitude
To what is *not* in Walter Scott—
I mean the Larger Latitude.

Is Zola bad, or merely mad?
And what of Mr. Crackenthorpe?
Some say they're sure poor Mr. Moore
Will poison town and blacken thorp.
They still go in, through thick and thin,
For fiction's stalest platitude—
Of course, a few you interview
Prefer the Larger Latitude.

"Your Ibsen's plays are just a phase
Of madness and morbidity."
Another chaffs the *Telegraph's*
Allit'rative acidity.
But this seems clear, one can't adhere
To godliness and Gatti-tude;
For if you go with Sims and Co.
You leave the Larger Latitude.

Some seem to think that Maeterlinck
Is great, because a Realist,
While others tack their faith to Black,
An out-and-out Idealist;
And if you yearn at heart to earn
A Mrs. Grundy's gratitude,
You'll find you must express disgust
For all this Larger Latitude. J. M. BULLOCH.

LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

Paris is overflowing with visitors just now, and the huge white mansions in the Champs-Élysées and the boulevards and avenues adjoining are occupied by the *élite* of French society, returned from the South or Algiers, prepared to enjoy to the utmost the delights of a season only attainable in their beautiful capital. The Bois is, indeed, a sight to behold in the morning, with the numberless little "Ducs" driven by well-known ladies and celebrated actresses; without exaggeration, hundreds and hundreds of fair bicyclists, in the very latest of knickerbockers and shirts, followed by crowds of admirers, similarly mounted, racing up and down the "Acacias" and the "Marguerite" till they can't pedal on many yards farther, and then hie to the D'Ermenonville, where countless bocks and sirops are consumed; promenaders in all the glory of many-coloured spring dresses; dashing *militaires* careering up and down the Avenue du Bois in their bright uniforms, exciting admiration from demure-looking *demoiselles*. All these amusing and interesting sights make a morning pass very pleasantly and quickly in the Bois.

The engagement is announced of Lady Victoria Blackwood and the Hon. William Lee Plunket. Mr. Plunket is the eldest son of Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin, and a nephew of Lords Iveagh and Ardilaun. Lady Victoria is the youngest daughter of our popular Ambassador, Lord Dufferin, and a godchild of the Queen. She is very much liked indeed in Paris for her simple, unaffected manners and sweet disposition, and intensely admired for her pretty face and graceful figure.

It was a great shock to everybody when it became known that the Comte Hély de Talleyrand-Périgord, son of Prince and Princesse de Sagan, had been arrested and taken to the Prefecture of Police on a charge of forgery. It appears that last March M. Max Lebaudy, "*le Petit Sucrier*," obtained a judgment relieving him from a *conseil judiciaire*, and immediately afterwards published a notice in the *Petites Affiches* to the effect that he had neither signed nor endorsed any bills since he came of age, and that a certain person was attempting to discount bills which were forgeries. The Comte de Talleyrand-Périgord declared, through his solicitor, that M. Lebaudy had signed in his presence eight bills of 50,000 francs each on Feb. 18, 1893, and threatened prosecutions for libel. The day after the Comte's arrest he was examined for three hours, and confronted with M. Max Lebaudy, when some extraordinary dealings between the two came to light. One was a scheme for buying an india-rubber forest in Africa, for which M. Lebaudy signed ten bills of 100,000 francs each to raise the purchase money, and which the Comte received to negotiate. The scheme fell through, and the bills were supposed to have been torn up in M. Lebaudy's presence by the Comte. Not long afterwards he heard that bills for 1,000,000 francs, connected with this affair and bearing his signature, were still in circulation, and M. Lebaudy consequently brought the charge of forgery forward, as he says that either the bills the Comte tore up before him were spurious or the ones subsequently discounted were.

A labourer and his daughter, Louis and Mathilde Gardez, hit upon a novel but highly dangerous means of getting fish from the river without the bother of catching them with an ordinary fishing-rod. They concocted some wonderful paste, full of chloroform or morphine, which they threw into the water. When the unsuspecting fish had swallowed the appetising-looking morsel, it rendered them unconscious, and their inanimate bodies floated on the surface, when Monsieur and Mdlle. Gardez promptly hooked them out. They then took them to Saint Denis, Saint Ouen, Neuilly, and Paris to sell, and, consequently, many families were half-poisoned. They will not indulge in any more pranks for the next four years, for the best of reasons.

MIMOSA.

PARROTS.

Why parrots have been fated to be made the heroes of so many strange tales, it is puzzling to say, but the fact remains. We all remember the cheeky bird at the parrot-show who, uncovered last of all among the competitors, placed his head knowingly on one side and ejaculated, "My eye! What a lot of parrots!"—of course, securing the prize. I knew a parrot once who affected modesty and bashfulness, who put his claw before his face and shyly informed his audience "Polly had a letter this morning—offer of marriage for Polly"; and there was another grey friend of my youth who would entreat the cook for dinner in the tenderest terms, and swear like a hundred troopers if not attended to. We have all heard the tale of the publican's parrot, who was pumped on for proclaiming that the beer had gone sour, and remarked to the cat, on seeing that quadruped march in dripping wet, "Your beer's gone sour!" The last of the series of parrot tales that has reached me is that of a large green bird, who seemed somewhat slow of speech, and who so provoked his master by his stupidity that that young gentleman, who was trying to teach his bird to welcome a rich relative with the words, "Good morning, uncle," lost all patience and shook the poor wretch from side to side, grasping its throat the while, and reiterating, "Say 'Good morning, uncle,' you devil! Say 'Good morning, uncle,' you devil!" A few days later this impatient young gentleman heard a terrible noise in the fowl-house. On making his way there, he found the bodies of three hens prone upon the clay floor, while on a perch in the corner was the parrot holding a fourth fowl by the throat and shrieking with rage, "Say 'Good morning, uncle,' you devil!"

F.



SMALL TALK.

Fifteen hundred invitations are to be issued by the Lord Chamberlain for each of the State Concerts and State Balls which are to be given at Buckingham Palace. The Queen has not yet fixed the dates of these functions, but it is now practically settled that the first concert and first ball will be given early in June, and the second concert and second ball at the end of June or early in July.

This year's list of Birthday honours will be a long one, and is to include two peerages, some baronetcies, several new knights, and a goodly number of creations and promotions in the Bath, the St. Michael and St. George, and the Indian Orders. The Queen will hold the next investiture at Windsor Castle during the first week in July. The Queen's Birthday is to be kept at all the military and naval stations on the actual anniversary of the day, Wednesday, May 23, while, to suit the convenience of the Ministers and great officers, who have to give full-dress banquets to celebrate the occasion, the event will be kept in London on Saturday, May 26.

The Paymastership of her Majesty's Household, a comfortable and important post, worth £1000 a year, is, I understand, likely to be shortly vacant. The present Paymaster, Mr. George Marrable, who succeeded Mr. March on that gentleman's appointment as Secretary to the Board of Green Cloth, has for some time enjoyed but poor health, and his retirement will probably take place ere long. Mr. Marrable has his office in Stable Yard, St. James's, and all her Majesty's servants, from the highest to the lowest, from the Lord Steward to the housemaids and stable-boys of the various royal residences, receive their pay from this department quarterly, in the shape of what Mr. Digby Grant in the "Two Roses" was wont to call "a little cheque." In the case of the Queen's servants, however, the cheque is by no means little, being, indeed, considerably more bulky with its counterfoil than a company's dividend warrant.

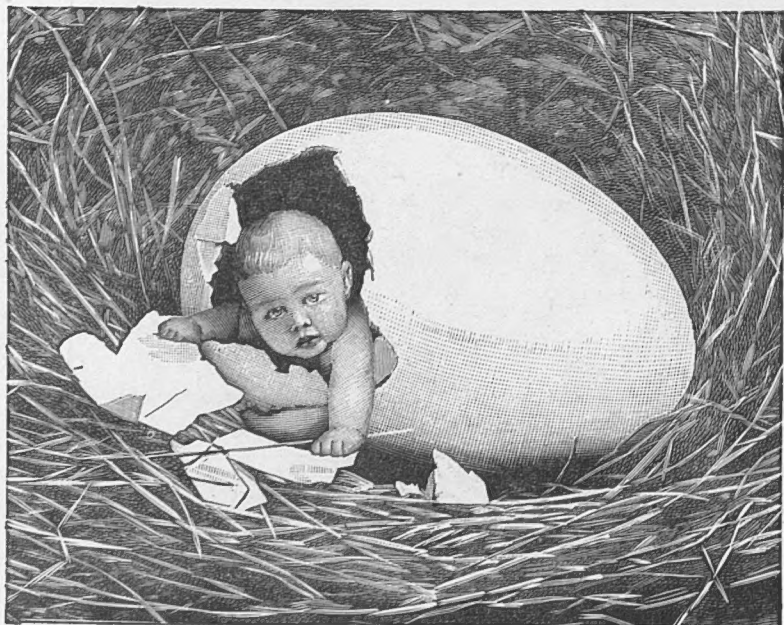
The payment of her Majesty's tradesmen is also made by the office of which Mr. Marrable is the head, and there is, besides, a crowd of pensioners who on each quarter-day receive one of these large but welcome documents. Service at one of the royal palaces is eagerly sought after, as good conduct ensures an excellent pension on retirement, and many of the Household servants are members of families who have served the royal house for generations.

The Queen's visit to the Continent will, it is believed, cost the Privy Purse over £12,000. The principal items in the expenditure will be the railway journeys and the presents made by her Majesty on quitting Florence and Coburg.

The Prince of Wales leaves Marlborough House on Tuesday next to attend the Newmarket Spring Meeting, and will return to town on Friday. The Prince will again occupy his own suite of rooms at the Jockey Club, where he will entertain a select party of the Marlborough House inner set.

The Princess of Wales, who has been far from well for some weeks, is now better. Had she followed her own inclinations, she would have remained at Sandringham for another week at least, but the return of the Queen and the various Court functions necessitated her coming up to town. The Princess is an experienced photographer, and spends much of her time while at Sandringham in taking views of the surrounding neighbourhood.

The world has had its attention engrossed with the wedding of the second daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, but it is not likely to forget a similar event, little more than a year ago, when his eldest daughter married Prince Ferdinand of Roumania. The Prince was not present at the



PRINCE CAROL OF ROUMANIA.

ceremony the other day, owing, it is said, to the continued and peculiarly ungrateful hostility of the Czar, albeit the "Little Father" is his uncle by marriage; but home has probably far more attractions for him in the possession of the infant Prince Carol, who is a little over six months old. One would like to know the feeling of his little highness twenty years hence as he casts his eye on this view of him emerging from a broken shell.

Now the engagement of the Czarevitch to Princess Alix of Hesse is announced, the matrimonial energy of European royalty may be said to have reached its climax. It must puzzle the most expert student of illustrious genealogy to distinguish the various offshoots of the Teutonic stock, for whenever royalty marries nowadays the bride or bridegroom, or both, must be German. With a few trifling exceptions, the crowned heads will eventually be members of the same family, and it will be impossible for any prince to quarrel except with a kinsman. Royal marriages, as somebody has flippantly observed, are now "made in Germany," though they are both more durable and more ornamental than the articles which usually figure under that designation.

I can assure "W. W. A." of the *Pall Mall Magazine* that he is wrong in supposing the authorship of Shakspeare to be "an open question"—at all events in England. In America there are people who pound away at this subject in magazines, and gravely ask, as "W. W. A." does, what has become of Shakspeare's manuscripts. There is not a literary authority in this country who gives the smallest countenance to the theory that Shakspeare has no claim to his own renown. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* shows that the poet knew very little natural history, and was conspicuously ignorant of the habits of bees. Perhaps "W. W. A." will now tell us that Bacon was equally ill-informed about those insects. Hitherto the Baconian pretension to the authorship of Shakspeare has been based on a common knowledge: it will be quite as impressive if it is based on a common ignorance.

Agricultural depression is nothing to the gloom which has fallen on the old institutions in Clubland. It looks as if some of the older houses in St. James's Street will have to close their doors, unless they can amalgamate or accept an irruption of petticoats. At the present moment the most flourishing clubs are those which admit ladies. The Hyde Park and the Wellington, for example, are radiant with prosperity and new bonnets. But what a confession to make—that a man's club, the very citadel of masculine superiority, cannot thrive unless the keys are surrendered to lovely woman! Here is a theme for the "larger latitude." Who will write a novel showing how Clubland was conquered by Amazons, and how the smoking-room stories affected the victorious latitudinarians?

Of club stories, here are two which are typical and delightful: The Guards left their club-house one season in the hands of the decorators, and betook themselves to the New University. Here they achieved distinction by drinking a champagne which the New University prized very much. One of them was heard pensively remarking, as he finished the last bottle, "I had no idea the middle classes drank such good wine!" Story number two relates to a Crimean veteran, a prominent member of one of the Service clubs, where he was very popular. He had one defect, however—he drank a great deal too much whisky-and-soda in the afternoon. One day his fellow-members appointed a deputation to remonstrate with him. They begged him to consume his potations elsewhere. In great dudgeon, he sent in his resignation to the committee and stalked off. A week or two later the *Daily Telegraph* published this advertisement: "JACKY.—Return to your disconsolate club." He returned, and now drinks his whisky-and-soda in peace.

The illness of Miss Rose Norreys has a special sadness to those play-goers who remember her in the days of "The Magistrate" and "The Schoolmistress." I have a particularly vivid recollection of her Peggy in the latter play, a performance full of delightfully piquant humour. There was one line which tickles me still every time I think of it. When Peggy is dressed for the evening party, she remarks with great dignity, "There is only one thing wanted to make me a duchess." "And what is that?" asks somebody. "A duke," is the convincing reply. I can see Peggy now with her nose in the air and her red locks twisted in distracting abandon. Never was red hair so fascinating; never had a young actress so excellent a chance of establishing herself as a public favourite. Alas! Miss Norreys took quite a different view of her position. She despised her success in Mr. Pinero's farces, and yearned to shine in the poetic drama. With the most earnest intentions, she lacked the indefinable quality which makes the higher dramatic talent. So years have been passed in unavailing struggle, and Peggy, my irresistible Peggy, has faded into a dream.

I am glad to find that quiet, clean little Worthing, with its fine sea frontage and its charming views of wood and downs, is recovering from the terrible misfortune that overtook it last year. The town has now an excellent supply of pure water, a new system of drainage is almost complete, and most of those residents who fled last summer from the place have returned to this healthy resort, where the soft and balmy air reminds one of South Devon. The pleasant little town was looking charming in its suit of spring greenery when I was there a few days since, and the returns of the medical officer for health, showing a death rate of only thirteen per thousand, or nearly seven per thousand less than the average for rural England, should be very encouraging to those who regret the outbreak which prevented their running down last year to this charming spot.

BASSANO'S TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.



MISS ST. CLAIR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

Mr. Treloar, of Ludgate Hill, may be congratulated on the success which attended his efforts to throw open the Guildhall pictures to the public on Sunday. More than two thousand people were present the first time this was done, and there cannot be a doubt but that a great many of them were people who could not possibly have seen these pictures on any other day, and for whom the alternative was a very dull Sunday indeed. The advocates of Sunday opening of museums and picture-galleries seem to have had a very unsatisfactory result for all the energy expended during the last few years. The British Museum and the National Gallery are still closed on Sunday, and no one now seems to be exerting himself very strenuously to secure a different arrangement; and yet, I suppose, the last twenty years has seen a greater change in the habits of Londoners generally with regard to Sunday than any similar period since the reign of Puritanism. "At Homes," artists' studios, lectures, and similar excitements are innumerable every Sunday throughout the season, and, indeed, it is now become the recognised day for most people to see their friends. Still, it may be admitted that "most people" represents a very small fraction, and a vast number find themselves in this great city absolutely without anything to do or anywhere to go on the Sunday. Mr. Treloar and the Corporation, however, have made an important stride in the right direction.

Writing of Sunday excitements reminds me of the very remarkable lecture which Mr. Bernard Shaw delivered in St. James's Hall on that day to the Playgoers' Club. The audience was one of the most interesting that it could be possible to gather together; a large number of actors and actresses, artists, literary and dramatic critics, were among Mr. Shaw's hearers. Mr. Shaw's lecture was on the corruption of the Press with reference to dramatic and musical criticism, and he told a story to the effect that his very frank criticism of the Covent Garden Opera in the *World* had led to the stoppage of the usual free tickets by the lessee of the theatre. "I do not blame Sir Augustus Harris," said Mr. Shaw; "he considered that in giving me free tickets there was a certain sort of understanding that I, in return, should give him a favourable notice of his productions." The remedy for this, in Mr. Shaw's eyes, is that proprietors and editors of newspapers should pay for seats for their critics. This is a proposition to which I do not think that any proprietor or editor of a leading newspaper would in the slightest degree object; it would be very much better if the stalls for the first nights of theatres and operas were paid for by journalists instead of given to them. This step, however, is never likely to be taken, because there is, apart from the Press, a general understanding that a manager gives away a certain number of the stalls and dress circle to his friends on the first night. Even should the dramatic critics have to pay for their seats, the manager would be sure to number among his friends certain proprietors, or editors, or people of considerable influence upon this and the other journal, and the same result would ensue.

Mr. Shaw's second reform is even less practicable; he suggested that the theatre system which obtains in Germany might be repeated here, and in relating his experience of the Frankfort Opera House he told how he had paid some two or three marks for an admirable seat, and had beheld daughters of the leading citizens of Frankfort wandering to and fro in the foyer between the acts. He implied that it was very evident that this kind of thing went on night after night, the theatre being treated as an absolute adjunct to the home. Mr. Shaw here surely forgets the great difference which separates an ordinary moderate-sized town in Germany from a vast metropolis like London, with its five millions of inhabitants. We have no analogy to Frankfort in our own provincial towns, because the cheap railway takes so many of the populace to London on the most trivial excuse. Mr. Shaw implied that a man, could he take his wife comfortably to the theatre at a total cost of five shillings instead of thirty, would be more likely to go; but that is only partially the case. There are rarely more than half-a-dozen successful plays running in London at a time, and the demand for seats on the part of a vast mass of people necessarily sends up the price of these. When

Mr. Irving attempted numbered seats in his pit—and surely numbered seats in the Lyceum pit would be nearly as good as the stalls—he found the thing an entire failure, owing to the disappointment of people coming from a distance—in fact, the plan was absolutely unworkable. It would have succeeded anywhere else but in London; but London is unlike any other place in the world. Mr. Shaw said a great deal about the superior comfort of the stalls, and so on, but, so far as that goes, the ordinary half-crown pit seats in the Garrick Theatre—to name a comparatively new building—are quite as comfortable for any but the most fastidious people as the stalls in any ordinary theatre. Yet the existence of these charming pit seats is not likely to send anybody to the Garrick when a play has gained the character of being only a qualified success. Of course, there is one thing to be conceded in reference to Mr. Shaw's position, and that is that there is not the all-round enthusiasm for drama in this country which is the rule in Germany. It must be remembered that the favourite literature, even of children, in Germany takes a dramatic form, and no household is without its volumes of Schiller.

Mr. Shaw's third proposition with reference to the corruption of the critics treated of advertisements. He has, no doubt, heard of the important part played by advertisements in newspapers; he knows that without the advertisements of certain commercial firms, who appreciate its great circulation and wide popularity, a paper like *The Sketch* could not be produced for sixpence. He assumes, therefore, that theatre advertisements have a great part in this, and after remarking on the stupidity of managers, who fail to appreciate the relative importance of newspapers, he goes on to inform his hearers that the *Daily Chronicle* has something like half the theatre advertisements of the *Daily Telegraph*. He argued that the editor of the *Daily Chronicle* would be well advised to publish all the playbills of theatres, including the cast of each play, in his columns, free of all charge, these advertisements being matter of public interest. When it is known, he argued, that the *Daily Chronicle* contains all these day by day, large numbers of people who are interested in theatres will go to it regularly for reference. It would probably prove, if the subject were gone into, that, so far as regards theatre advertisements, any paper that has not got them is very well content to do without them. So far as *The Sketch* is concerned, I am in a position to say frankly that it cares nothing at all about the theatre advertisements. They are of very little value, and they do not affect in the slightest the attitude of the paper towards this or that play. We should be quite ready to publish free advertisements of all theatres if it were not that we think that we can give more interesting matter in our columns, and a small charge for the insertion of these advertisements acts as a very useful method of keeping them from absorbing space which can be better employed. Certainly, the notion that the editor of any paper is in the slightest degree influenced by these advertisements in his attitude towards any given play or concert shows that, while Mr. Shaw is one of the most brilliant journalists of the day, he has absolutely no business grasp of the way newspapers are conducted. When all is said, however, one is compelled to admit that those who heard Mr. Shaw on Sunday listened to a most delightful lecture. That any one man should be able to produce so fascinating a play and so fascinating a lecture on two succeeding days indicates a brilliant future for Mr. Bernard Shaw.

Notwithstanding the fact that there have been signs of a plethora of *premieres* at the Haymarket lately, the first night of "A Bunch of Violets" brought together a smart house. Even Royalty, if one uses the term in an elastic way that would grieve the purist, was present in the shape of the Duchess of Teck, who, accompanied by the Duke, occupied with Baroness Burdett-Coutts and her many-named husband, the stage box on what, I think, actors call the O.P. side. The Duchess was simply dressed in black, relieved by a few white flowers, and the Baroness wore a dark gown, trimmed with lace, and a cap with pink ribbons. The marked contrast between the two ladies was that the wealthier wore no diamonds and her companion many. In the box above this one were two of Mr. Tree's sisters, and dotted about the house in all directions were members of the two large theatrical families, the Terrys and Hanburys: the most conspicuous was the point of junction, Miss Julia Neilson-Terry, who, of course, looked handsome in a white dress, and seemed very curious about the performance of Miss Audrey Ford, the new *ingénue*. By-the-by, programmes would be needless if the very simple French way of labelling *ingénues* could be carried out with all the characters of a play. Has any *ingénue* ever appeared on the French stage who cared or dared to discard the traditional blue and white frock, which Miss Ford wears in the first act? Evidently her last night's *début* at the Haymarket was not only in acting, but also in "making up," for when Mr. Beerbohm Tree drew her to his heart, and said that her image would ever be engraven there, a comical effect came from the fact that a distinct impress of her face was seen where it had rested on his coat.

In the house I noticed Lord William Neville, Oscar Wilde, Aubrey Beardsley, Mrs. Jopling Rowe, Fanny Brough, in a *pur Louis XV.* dress of pale peach-coloured satin brocaded with white; Lottie Venne, wearing a pretty gown of grey satin, with sleeves and draperies of rose-hued velvet; Lady Morell Mackenzie, in black and diamonds; Mr. "Charlie" Mathews, Mr. Bancroft, Sir George and Lady Lewis. Few of the dresses were noticeable for freshness or beauty; no doubt, the "first appearance" of many pretty gowns was kept for the *première* at St. James's Theatre on Saturday evening.



MR. SHAW AT THE PLAYGOERS' CLUB.

Drawn by J. Bernard Partridge.

If a Bankruptcy Court official were endowed with the divine literary afflatus, what comedies and tragedies would be furnished by his occupation as plot on which to hang his prose! Happening to loiter through the Courts recently, I found the separate affairs of a peer and a pugilist actively occupying the attention of authorities in the division aforesaid: the noble lord in question being described as carrying on a business which does not seem to have, however, floated him on the Pactolus flood he, no doubt, expected; the pugilist, describing himself of "no occupation"—punching at the moment being, perforce, a passive art—had no available assets with which to regale his creditors, unless residence at a merciful mother-in-law's house, his only apparent resource, would come under that heading. On the same day I had the gratification of hearing a baronet volunteer to subsist on four pounds a week out of his pension, amounting to just double, until his creditors, myself being one, shall be pacified. By going into abstruse calculations, I find that, if I live, which Heaven forfend! to a hundred or thereabouts, I shall come into a fourth of my original loan, which ought to be a consolatory reflection, but, somehow, isn't. We are all going too fast and hard, that's the truth of it. And when our incomes lag behind our desires the confiding British tradesman steps in with his convenient credit system and off we go again. It is always riding for a fall, but while we can keep the gee-gee going we find the exercise exhilarating. Meanwhile, when an "almighty smash" does come, our creditors—who else?—again obligingly come forward and combine to draw us out from the hoofs, and even supply us with a big cycle as substitute! Until the credit system is altogether placed on a more solid footing than a good name or a smart house gives, there can be no security for the long-suffering British tradesman, and he must continue to suffer as long as he continues to unduly confide.

Although Nini Patte-en-l'Air has attracted considerable attention in London, I do not think many people know how highly she is thought of in France. She is the Katti Lanner of Paris, and has a large school, in which she teaches the divers eccentric dances of which she is so thorough a mistress. She was the first to obtain remuneration for public dancing, as previous to her appearance the dancers at such places as the Moulin Rouge and Casino de Paris were not paid to perform. Of course, in this happy land of licensing committees, Madame Nini is not permitted to show Londoners what she can do, but even at home she is strictly proper. La Goulue and Rayon d'Or, who are so popular with Parisians, are avowedly unrestrained, and their costume is enough to give a nervous man palpitation of the heart; but Nini Patte-en-l'Air, on the other hand, has conscientiously striven to do for the *chahut* and "splits" what Kate Vaughan did for dancing at the Gaiety. There would be no room for doubt as to her ultimate success, were not all that eccentric dancing so painfully ugly. On all sides I find it coming into fashion, on stage of theatre and music-hall alike. Is it the first symptom of decline from the high form of skirt dancing, a little time ago so popular? Just as Sylvia Grey and Letty Lind, following the lead of Kate Vaughan, had made skirt dancing delightful, the hideous serpentine came along, bringing in its airy train the "splits" and "Catherine-wheels" now in vogue. Why will not some philanthropic person start an association for the protection of the playgoer against eccentric dancing? When I saw an audience go into hysterics over Les Sœurs Devrier, the latest exponents of the "splits," scarcely a week ago, I nearly shed tears, and quite shed oaths.

Talking of dancing, which is a weakness of mine, Signorina Cavallazzi, whose magnificent pantomimic powers have delighted Londoners for so long, tells me that she intends shortly to open a school of her own. It will not compete in any way with the National School, having rather for its objects the teaching of deportment, pantomime, and fancy dancing, together with the production of private theatricals. Signorina Cavallazzi does not propose to give up her own stage work, but since the lamented death of her husband, the late Mr. Mapleson, she has found the time hanging heavily on her hands, and seeks congenial occupation for the many hours when she is not at the theatre. When I recall her impersonation of Orfeo in the ballet of that name, and recollect how replete with charm and grace it was, I feel convinced that her pupils will benefit immensely from her tuition, if she can convey to others intelligence similar to her own. Signorina Cavallazzi, in addition to her physical gifts, possesses the rare power of merging her identity in the character she portrays, and her movements are spontaneous and natural. At the entertainment recently given at the West Theatre, Royal Albert Hall, she arranged the dances in the masque by John Gray and in "Black Sheep," a pantomime pastoral by André Raffalovich and Cotsford Dick, and not a little of the success of the performances was due to her efforts. I have no doubt that her new venture will rank among her many triumphs, for, while it is given to no mortal to command success, to very few is it given to deserve it as much as she does.

Maarten Maartens is once again spending a few weeks in this country. Mr. Maarten Maartens generally spends some time each year with his publisher, Mr. George Bentley, at the country house of the latter, Upton, near Slough. Maarten Maartens is but a *nom de guerre*, which for a long time was most religiously preserved. Lately, the distinguished novelist has been less careful about preserving his strict *incognito*, so I do not hesitate to inform such of my readers as are ignorant of the fact that in real life he is Joost M. W. Poorten Schwartz, and that most of his time is spent at his residence, Château de Sully, La Tour, near Vevey.

A casual stroll down the West End of the town reveals the fact that the season is upon us. Past the Strand, ever full to the point of overcrowding with members of the profession, you will find Waterloo Place, Piccadilly, and Bond Street full of life and animation. The Park is looking its brightest and best, the clubs are uncommonly full, while the various tradesmen are becoming too busy to spare the time for regretting the bad state of business and the universal depression. Familiar figures pass us on all sides; everybody who is anybody seems anxious to be seen. Some men have just come back from the Riviera and Monte Carlo; more say they have. The decorator is at work on the fronts of the houses, and the voice of the painter is heard in the land. Imposing mansions, whose blinds have stared majestically on the street for months past, are preparing to receive their lawful owners for a short three months, during which they will have enough life in them to atone for three-quarters of a year's silence. In the evening London is just as lively. Crowds of carriages throng the approaches to the theatres; the ill-used, long-suffering dead-head finds an absolute difficulty in getting a couple of boxes or half-a-dozen stalls placed at his disposal. The Academy has opened, the days lengthen, and the usual season's festivities have begun, while long rounds of dances and receptions keep fashionable London out of bed until the dawn is grey.

The lady who carried off the prize at the last Covent Garden fancy dress ball was Miss E. Pritchard, who blossomed forth, literally, in



Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

MISS EMILY PRITCHARD.

a Buttercup dress. She would have completed the tableau by singing the quaint ditty from the "Pinafore" in which "dear little Buttercup" used to charm us in the days of old.

The great Jewish festival of the Passover, with its quaint customs, curious observances, and many deprivations, is now at an end, after lasting from the 20th to the 28th of April. Of course, the ceremonial observances, such as the Seder Night service, are hidden from the view of all save co-religionists, but in connection with the festival there is one sight open to everybody. I refer to the marketing of the night before Passover in the East End. This is not the ordinary marketing, which has already been treated in *The Sketch*. It is the communion for a few short hours of the shining lights of Maida Vale, Kilburn, and Hampstead with their poorer relatives in the Ghetto. Those to whom fortune has been kind, who left the East End with nothing save hope and ambition, return to it on the eve of Passover to entertain their indigent brethren. With great difficulty, I managed to make my way through the crowd on the evening of Thursday, April 19, and although the crush, the noise, and the light were overpowering, the sight was well worth the journey. The centre of an admiring crowd was a Kimberley diamond merchant, a millionaire several times over, who never misses this particular evening of the year. He was greeting old friends, and standing drinks to everyone who claimed his acquaintance. There was an epidemic of hospitality. Everybody who had money seemed anxious to treat everybody who lacked it. The diamonds worn by some of the young ladies from the Ghetto would not have disgraced La Scala Opera House on the first night of a new production.

THE MOUNTAIN RAILWAY AT MONTREUX.

To say that electricity is a common quantity at Montreux feebly expresses the situation. Not only have they got electric light laid on in the smallest shops and houses about, but a goodly percentage of the sight-seeing is "assisted" by the electric tramcars, which run over the place in all directions. Vevey, Ouchy, Lausanne, and all the spots of interest round the lake are brought within a morning walk by this



ON LAKE LEMMAN.

means, and best of all, of course, is the electric train, which climbs up the mountain sides to an altitude of bewilderingly dizzy heights. To feel one's self crawling up an almost perpendicular wall of rock is, on a first occasion, the reverse of pleasant, and one scarcely dares to look behind at the endless possibilities of a grand smash, which every inch traversed seems to offer. But the railway is quite safe, and all danger of accident is removed by the cog-wheel system on which it is arranged. Now that the theory of living at a great altitude for chest patients has so developed, Swiss hotel-keepers go on building higher each year.



FROM MONTREUX TO GLION.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I am sorry that it is impossible to speak favourably of the *Yellow Book*. It has some merits, of course; but on the whole it shows the clever school of writers who will gather round those very able publishers, Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane, at their very worst and weakest. Of the art I shall say nothing. Not one of the literary contributions rises above a decent mediocrity, while the majority fall far below it. Nothing has been gained by the introduction of some veterans of the pen; they are, if possible, duller and stodgier than ever in these pages. This is especially true of the first story, by Mr. Henry James. It is disappointing to find that no new writer is introduced. The only justification of such a price as is asked for the *Yellow Book* would be matter of permanent literary value and importance. This, I regret to say, I do not find here. Smartness, distinction, lightness, brightness, are all conspicuous by their absence, while weight is wanting. The drawing on the cover is probably the nearest approach Mr. Aubrey Beardsley is capable of making to a likeness of Sir William Harecourt.

"Trilby," Mr. Du Maurier's new story in *Harper's*, is attracting an amount of attention very rarely given in these days to a magazine serial. In America it is said that nothing has excited so much interest in literary circles since "The Anglomaniacs" was published.

Blackwood's Magazine, which has a special gift for interesting papers of reminiscences, will publish immediately some singularly curious recollections of Tennyson in the days of his early married life.

A cheap paper edition of "Saracinesca," Mr. Crawford's popular story, has been issued in America. It is limited to 100,000 copies.—An attempt is being made to naturalise the two-volume and three-volume novel in America.

The *Daily News* has at last added a literary supplement, closely following the *Chronicle* in every respect. The new page is under the editorship of an experienced member of the *Daily News* staff.

We laugh long at old friends' jokes, and for old time's sake Mark Twain will, at his worst, raise a smile. If a new humourist had written "Tom Sawyer Abroad" (Chatto), he would be greeted with candid remarks on his solemnly strenuous efforts to be funny, on his want of respect to a public whose palate is accustomed by this time to something at least a little subtler. It is not a grovelling attitude towards success that keeps us from being equally frank with Mark Twain. We have a sentiment about Tom Sawyer. He was once a bright, winning, and promising boy, and even now that too much attention has turned his head and spoilt him, and he sets off in a balloon for Africa, Mount Sinai, and other remote parts in a self-conscious mood, keeping us in his eye all the time rather than his own amusement, he still has the benefit of our old friendship. But indeed he needs it all to escape without castigation.

A guide-book with a literary quality, and written for the love of a neighbourhood, not to exploit it, is rarer than it should be. Such is Mr. Augustus Hare's "Sussex" (G. Allen). You could loiter with it through a whole summer in the fine county it sings the praises of. Amid all its topographical facts and its extracts from historical records, there breathes a mild enthusiasm which is particularly catching. The illustrations, too, are in excellent taste.

"Vox Clamantium" (Innes) should be a very popular contribution to the discussions of the social problems of the day. The writers in it represent almost every school of thought, every sphere of interest, and every phase of opinion. Yet, on the whole, it is a happy family that is made up of such members as Mr. Tom Mann and Professor Shuttleworth, Mr. Grant Allen and Dean Stubbs, Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace and the author of "Stephen Remark," Mr. Walter Crane and Mr. Crockett. On a working committee they might possibly disagree, but here, where sympathies and sentiments only are to the fore, they speak, in divers tones, to very much the same effect.

Mr. Hall Caine's contribution is a rhapsodical prayer, Mr. Crockett's a fiery-spirited tale, Mr. Crane's a bad poem with an excellent intention and a charming frontispiece, Mr. Lewis Morris's some hexametrical platitudes. Those who frankly preach sermons have done better; but the hearts of all are evidently in what they write. Mr. Andrew Reid, the editor, has gathered a very popular, if not very weighty, mass of democratic and unsectarian opinion.

I understand that Professor C. H. Herford, of Aberystwyth, is a candidate for the chair of English Literature in the University of Aberdeen.

A story is going the-round about the editor of a popular magazine who recently wrote to Mr. Swinburne for a sonnet "not to exceed three pages." Mr. Swinburne still lives. His new volume of poems was generally reviewed in last Thursday's "dailies," and the consensus of opinion seems to be that it contains an excellent variety, with much of the old ring in the verse. Some of the contents had had a trial trip in certain magazines before publication in book form. o. o.

"THE LITTLE SQUIRE," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

From Photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.



MISS EMPSIE BOWMAN (LISE DE LA RIVIÈRE) AND
MISS FANNY BROUGH (BESSIE BARTON).



MISS ISA BOWMAN (CICELY HARDWICK).



MISS EMPSIE BOWMAN, MISS DOROTHY HANBURY (THE LITTLE SQUIRE),
AND MISS ISA BOWMAN.



MISSES DOROTHY HANBURY AND EMPSIE AND ISA BOWMAN.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

A ROYAL ROMANCE.*

The Semiramis of the North, who "flashed across the latter half of the eighteenth century and over the very threshold of the nineteenth as a marvellous incarnation, not only of power, grandeur, and triumphant success, but also of adorable and adored femininity," is the subject of an intimate and a very interesting study from the impartial pen of M. Waliszewski. There was much to clear up and set right about Catherine.



CATHERINE II. OF RUSSIA.

"In the eyes of all, or of nearly all, she was not only imposing, majestic, terrible, but also seductive, beautiful among the beautiful, queen by right of beauty as by right of genius, Pallas and Venus Victrix." This is not precisely the Catherine of history; we have here rather the mirage in which Catherine was seen by her contemporaries. She saw herself differently. She knew herself to be dauntless, and always, or almost always, mistress of the situation; she knew, for the most part, where the strength of her genius

lay, but she knew also that it was not a universal genius; and as for her beauty, which was vaunted throughout Europe, she herself said, "I have never fancied myself extremely beautiful, but I had the gift of pleasing, and that, I think, was my greatest gift." It is quite unnecessary to represent Catherine as greater or more attractive than she was, for she was great and attractive enough. Few women have played a more notable or a more dazzling part in history; but, as M. Waliszewski shrewdly observes, her successes as an autocratic ruler were due in great measure to the circumstance that she had to do with "a new people, at the first stage of its career, the stage of expansion." In this stage a people has no need of being directed—for the most part it is not susceptible of direction. It is an impelled force which follows its own impulsion. Catherine aided its impulsion by her prodigious and tireless energy, by her irresistible policy of "Forward!" and by her passion for what she believed to be "the good of the Empire." Her mind was hardly of the creative order, and she was great by temperament rather than by intellect. But she is nearly always a central and commanding figure, and in most circumstances, also, a captivating one. She is romantically interesting from the first, when one sees her, in the company of that terrible old plotter, her mother, on the way from her obscure German home, with a wardrobe of "three dresses and a dozen chemises," to the Court of the Empress Elizabeth, there to become the girl-wife of the boyish and brutish Grand Duke Paul. A little later she gives the first glimpse of that energy of will which, with other gifts, is presently to make her the foremost woman in Europe—when she gets out of bed at night, and walks about her room with bare feet, "to repeat the lessons her Russian master has set her." This exercise nearly gives Catherine her death, but when the story is published she becomes an idol of the people.

She certainly needed all her strength of character, all her exhaustless buoyancy of spirit and determination, to let nothing crush her during the early years of her married life. There is no mistaking the qualities and disposition of Paul; he cannot be read amiss. Paul was an unmitigated blackguard: a brute, with a streak of madness in him, was Sainte-Beuve's description. He was generally drunk and making an uproar. He kept a kennel of hounds in his bed-room, and when they were not giving tongue Paul strode up and down the room getting all the noise he could out of a fiddle. He used to pummel Catherine in bed, to keep her awake, in order that she might listen to stories of his intrigues with her maids of honour. It must be admitted that in the matter of intrigues, as in all other matters, Catherine was more than a match for him. He does not appear to have been the father of any of her children, and nobody about the Court ever supposed that he was. His brutal treatment of her, notwithstanding, Paul was not at all times insensible to the fascinations of the brilliant Grand Duchess, and he had a considerable respect for her intellect. Catherine says in her memoirs that he called her Madame la Ressource, and adds, "if ever he found himself in distress on any point, he came running to me at full speed to have my advice, and as soon as he had it he would dash away again at full speed."

But Catherine the Empress took a great revenge for the wrongs of Catherine the Grand Duchess. The bloodless revolution of an hour, by which she knocked the crown off the dolt's head of Paul, is one of the curiosities of modern history. It has been cited as a testimony of

Catherine's masculine genius, but it was in reality one of the simplest things she ever did, and owed less to the genius of Catherine or of Dachkoff, or of anybody else, than to the essential and desperate feebleness of Paul himself. He went under, and to the bottom, with greater lack of resistance and less pride than a puppy displays in a bucket of water. Neither in the preparation nor in the execution of her *coup d'État*, as M. Waliszewski says, had Catherine shown any great forethought or capacity, but with Paul for a victim these qualities were easily dispensed with. Pushed off his throne, Paul collapsed in a moment—asked only for his mistress, his monkey, and his fiddle; and Catherine, with a lover for her coachman, a lady's maid and her hairdresser for her revolutionary army, had merely to drive into town in a sledge before breakfast and proclaim herself sole ruler of the Empire. Paul's death in prison followed quickly. This was an indecent business, and remains something of a mystery. It is not possible to doubt that he was murdered, and Catherine can scarcely be acquitted of complicity; for this, if for no other reason, that nobody was ever punished for the affair, and nobody was ever brought to trial.

In the section which treats of her private life, M. Waliszewski discusses, discreetly and temperately, but with no glossing of the facts, that side of Catherine's nature the development of which led to "the most colossal and the most cynical display of imperial licence known to modern history." It is an astonishing page, and I don't propose to copy it here. A mere enumeration of the lovers of Catherine, with the principles on which she chose them, the modes in which she disposed of them, and the sums she spent on them, would exhaust the space that remains to me. M. Waliszewski calls his study of this strange, bold woman a "romance," but there is no trace of the romantic in the multitudinous amours of Catherine. They were sordid and sensual, sensual and sordid. They had the open and boasted daring of all Catherine's affairs; but beyond this they offer not the most exiguous excuse, for they were never delicate and always gross, always passionate and never tender. But the worst things that legend has reported of her M. Waliszewski merely hints at, without repeating and without crediting them, and, as his research has been minute, we may fairly reject them as inventions of the enemy. This apart, there is much that is delightful in the domestic life of Catherine.

The translator of the book has withheld his name, but there was no occasion, for he has done his work with exceptional skill. T. H.

A GLADSTONE MEMENTO.

An emblematic medallion commemorative of Mr. Gladstone's political career has been designed with considerable success by Mr. Horace Morehen, who is favourably known by his plaques of Miss Ellen Terry and Mr. Henry Irving. The head of the ex-Premier is in bold relief, and certainly gives a most accurate idea of the alert visage and prominent, brilliant eyes of Mr. Gladstone. The items which surround the



medallion have all a special relation to his political exploits. The Scotch thistle stands for Midlothian, Mr. Gladstone's latest (and, in all probability, his last) constituency; while the shamrock reminds us of his Home Rule Bill—if anything were needed to prompt one's recollection of that proposal. These medallions, which have a special interest at this moment, are issued by Messrs. Chancé, 30, Red Cross Street, E.C.

* "The Romance of an Empress: Catherine II. of Russia." By R. Waliszewski. London: W. Heinemann.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



BY E. NESBIT AND OSWALD BARRON.

They had both loved her, and Griffin had won her, as he deserved to do, for he was the better man as well as the better match. He had youth and health, good looks and good temper—was a good fellow all round. He had a sun-browned cheek and a merry blue eye, and high spirits that stood him in 'stead of wit. Of course, she preferred him to Nowers, sallow, black-haired, gloomy-eyed, with hands stained with strange drugs and a mind bent on philosophy—Nowers, who blinked in her presence like an owl in sunlight, and spent long hours over dull brown books that no sensible person could look at twice, when he might have been riding or lounging with her. Even in promptness Griffin had the advantage, and asked her to marry him, while Nowers was asking himself whether this strange madness was really love. Both questions had "Yes" for their answer, and now the marriage was fixed for next week, and Nowers was to be best man to his only friend. That was the hardest part of it. No human being, except Griffin, cared at all for Nowers, though all animals and wild creatures came to him with trembling affection. And now his friend had taken her from him and she had taken his friend, and that was why he hated them both.

He was saying to himself how he hated them as the two men sat together in the swimming September sunshine.

They lay against the side of the hedge by the cornfield gate. The shadow of the wood was upon them, the heels of their brown boots thrust into the sand where was the only patch of sunlight that side the gate.

Griffin's gun was standing against the nearest trunk, with a dead buck-rabbit beside it, and Griffin talked apprehensively of the incidents of next week's wedding to Nowers, who lay with his ears covered by fallen leaves, whispering to himself.

"I'm leaving all these arrangements to you, Nowers."

"All right, Jack; you leave it all to me."

"I've had no brothers and sisters to marry off, and I've never seen the thing done since my Aunt Celia married, and I wasn't more than nine or ten at the time. Tip everyone about the place who looks as if they'd take it, and mind you don't forget the organist. Give him his in a cheque: he's a Mus. Bac., you know, and will turn up in his hood."

"This is my 'prentice stroke in ecclesiastical ceremony," said Nowers, "and I've never seen a wedding at all—forbye that I once saw a black fellow

at Port Smith knock down a gin with his waddie and carry her off into the bush, for all the world like a dog going to hide a bone."

"Well, Penrayne's brother will show you the ropes if you look him up. He was Penrayne's best man last year. Till I read the service over, I thought I should have to learn something like the answers in the catechism; but I've only a little bit to say, and the parson says it over for you first."

"You ask young Penrayne to spend the evening," said Nowers, lazily, with the happy note in his voice of a man satiated with sunbeams; "and



He pushed through the gap in the hedge, and looked down on two men asleep by the cornfield side—himself and her lover.

we'll go over the whole story with chessmen." But in his heart he was saying, "If I had been her lover, what would anything have mattered to me but that one thing?" And then he closed his eyes, and, Griffin still talking on, Nowers pictured himself betrothed to her, stealing away alone into the dark wood to take his heart in his hand and look at it, and



"Wake up, Nowers!" Griffin repeated. But Nowers did not wake up—would not ever wake up again.

think and think and dream of her. And this man who had won her was talking about waistcoats and buttonholes and the itinerary of the wedding journey!

"I've ordered a new frock-coat," Griffin went on, "to wear with light bags; but I don't see, old fellow, why you shouldn't wear your velvet jacket."

"Yes; a frock-coat's the thing," Nowers answered, mentally clothing the other in the shirt of Nessus.

The morning's tramp in the sun and his prosy forthsetting of his coming joy were telling on Griffin. He breathed more heavily; his pipe, resting on his chest, was loose between his teeth.

Nowers raised himself on his elbow and looked at his friend.

"Pipe out?" he said. "Light?" But in his heart he said, "I wish that you were dead."

Griffin merely grunted a sleepy negative. Nowers still looked at him, noted the broad shoulders in the shooting jacket, the handsome features, and fair, close-cropped hair. He glanced down at his own lank limbs and claw-like hands. In the effort to present to himself the complete contrast between himself and her lover, it seemed to him that he could see as well the unpleasant smile on his own thin lips, the narrowing of his own eyelids, and the cold, yellowish glitter of the eyes that shone through them. He seemed to be looking down on his own body as well as on Griffin's.

"Curious," he said, shook himself a little and sat up. "Whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell," he went on, and then, leaning back again, he tried to reproduce the sensation. It failed.

The hot air was heavy on his eyes, and the sound of the grasshoppers had lulled Griffin into sleep. Nowers looked at the gun and fancied himself moving to it and picking it up and laying its muzzle against the sun-reddened ear of the sleeping man. He mentally went through the movements necessary to this end, and laughed when he found he had in imagination moved to that gun five times and each time failed to raise it.

"Unsubstantial, dreamer's hands," he said, looking down at them, and as he did so he felt again the curious sense of being outside his own body. He strained his consciousness that it might again grasp the sensation of looking down on himself. He closed his eyes, and, opening them again, it seemed to him that he was in the greenwood. He was in the greenwood, there was no doubt about it: he could see the sun shining through the leaves and making yellow patches on the moss—the sun from which the hedge at their backs had sheltered them.

"I must be losing my senses," he said to himself, "to walk into the wood like this. If I am to be a sleepwalker—"

He pushed through the gap in the hedge, and looked down on two men asleep by the cornfield side—himself and her lover.

"Out of the body, or what?" He looked about him through the branches. Never before had he seen so many woodland creatures: a rabbit crouched in the fern near him, washing its face with its feet; a squirrel squatted on a branch above him. There were more birds about than he had ever seen in any wood. A stoat was looking at the rabbit with greedy eyes, that took no note of human presence. Perhaps there was no human presence; perhaps the wood was always populous thus when man

was away. Perhaps . . . He walked quickly forward. No living being stirred—no twig cracked.

"Out of the body," he said to himself, and the stoat sprang upon the rabbit. Instinctively Nowers reached out a hand to save. But the rabbit cried out, and the squirrel, startled, fled up his tree, and little unnamed creatures hastened away among the underwood. And Nowers was alone with an adder, who, awakened from his sleep by the rabbit's cry, uncoiled an inch of himself and looked out from under the knotted beech-root. Now, Nowers knew at once that the viper was aware of him. The innocent woodland creatures had not perceived his presence, but the snake felt the subtle power of his personality. Nowers had charmed many a snake in his time, and he knew the peculiar look in the snake's narrow eyes which marks the coming surrender to a man's stronger will.

The adder left off moving his head this way and that, and lay dazed upon the moss, while Nowers, or his dream shape, stooped lower and lower, and brought himself higher and higher, concentrating all his thought in the lozenge body and dart-shaped head.

It was at this time that Nowers was conscious of touch and physical sensation for the first time since he left his own body lying by the hedge. He felt the cool moss beneath him, and leaves rustled as he stirred in his place, and his place was the hollow under the twisted beech-root. His thought ruled in the adder, which writhed out from his shelter, and crept away into sun-flecked grass and among the rotten twigs and leaves. Venom was in his little needle teeth, as deadly as if it had been distilled from his human heart. He exulted with loud hisses, and crept instinctively towards his enemy.

The other side the hedge, the two men still lay in the shade, with closed eyes, and even breathing.

Griffin's dreams, meanwhile, drew him nearer and nearer to a dear face, with deep, grave eyes, and warm lips, at last so near his own that he stirred a little.

"Kiss me, my darling."

His pipe fell from his teeth, striking his hand where it fell. He opened his eyes and blinked a little at the dream face fading slowly.

Then he rolled over to take up the pipe. Something he saw close beside his hand made him jump to his feet and stamp again and again into the crackling leaves. An adder lay in the brown heap, whose head he had smashed and ground with his boot-heel.

"Nowers!" he yelled. "Nowers, I've killed such a whopping adder! Wake up!"

The adder's body was still twitching a little, but Nowers did not move at all.

"Wake up, Nowers!" Griffin repeated. But Nowers did not wake up—would not ever wake up again.

THE LATE LAMENTED LOBENGULA.

The accompanying sketch of Lo Ben, standing at his kraal gate inspecting a regiment of his soldiers, is by Mr. E. A. Maund. "The King would never allow himself," writes Mr. Maund, "to be photographed. He once gave me leave to do so, but when I brought the camera forward he



said, 'No; my people will think there is witchcraft about it, for if you can take away my picture on paper given you by the sun, they will believe you are taking away part of my spirit or power.' But he permitted me to sketch him. All the pictures of the Matabele hitherto published have represented them with the large, thick ring worn by the Zulus, but the Matabele wear a smaller and thinner ring, more in front of the head, keeping the head shaved."

DALY'S THEATRE: GOING AND COMING.

MISS ADA REHAN—AN APPRECIATION.

BY ROBERT W. LOWE.

Tate Wilkinson had, of course, seen both Peg Woffington and Elizabeth Farren, so that he had personal experience to guide him when he drew up the amusing "Scale of Merit," which he gives in his "Memoirs,"



MISS REHAN AS HELENA IN "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

contrasting the excellences of these two actresses, and drawing a conclusion greatly in Miss Farren's favour. Perhaps the comparison is sufficiently quaint and amusing to justify quotation—

SCALE OF MERIT.

Mrs. WOFFINGTON.	Miss FARREN.
Mrs. Woffington was tall	So is Miss Farren.
Mrs. Woffington was beautiful	So is Miss Farren.
Mrs. Woffington was elegant	So is Miss Farren.
Mrs. Woffington was well-bred	So is Miss Farren.
Mrs. Woffington had wit	So has Miss Farren.
Mrs. Woffington had a harsh, broken, and discordant voice	Miss Farren's musical and bewitching.
Mrs. Woffington could be rude and vulgar	Miss Farren never.

Naturally, it was simple enough for Tate Wilkinson to contrast these two ladies, whom he had seen; but when we want to form some idea of how an actor or actress of to-day compares with those of the "palmy days" we find it terribly difficult to form our "Scale of Merit." Yet the endeavour is fascinating, and when we get an opportunity of dealing with such an actress as Miss Ada Rehan the temptation is irresistible. I know that I never see her, especially in "legitimate" parts, without speculating whether Mrs. Jordan, or Mrs. Abington, or Miss Farren was a truer comedian, and whether any of Miss Rehan's predecessors gave more vigour to the shrewishness of Katharine, more delicacy to the love of Viola, or more delightful brightness to the boyish gaiety of Rosalind. One very powerful reason why one naturally associates Miss Rehan with the famous players of long ago is her perfect delivery, both of serious and comic speeches. She has the art, now almost lost on our stage, of weighty speaking—I do not mean of heavy or laboured speech, but the power of delivering words with a due sense of their value, both in rhythm and sense, and of impressing the audience with the value of the words she utters. The same gift is possessed by Sarah Bernhardt—indeed, it is much more commonly found on the French stage than on the English—and both actresses leave on the memory the recollection of particular lines or passages which haunt us for ever. I know that I can to this day recall the very tones of Sarah Bernhardt in several passages of De Bornier's "Fille de Roland," although it is nearly twenty years since I saw her play the part. In the case of both actresses, the possession of

an extraordinarily fine voice aids the effect of their speaking, but the power which they exercise is independent of the quality of their voice and is the manifestation of an art which, as I have said, is almost lost on the English stage.

Of all Miss Rehan's predecessors, I most naturally associate with her that glorious comedian, Dora Jordan; and if we try to construct our "Scale of Merit" we shall find a marked resemblance between these two actresses. "The immediate felicity of Mrs. Jordan's style," says Leigh Hunt, "consists, perhaps, in that great excellence of Mr. Bannister which I have called heartiness; but, as the manner of this feeling is naturally softened in a woman, it becomes a charming openness mingled with the most artless vivacity." We think of Miss Rehan's Rosalind, of her Hypolita, of her Country Girl, and, after the fashion of Tate Wilkinson, we feel inclined to write "So is Miss Rehan." In personal charm we find another resemblance. "Pray, Sir," said a young lady to James Boaden, "was Mrs. Jordan critically handsome?" "My answer," says Boaden, "was the absolute truth—'Dear Madam, had you seen her as I did, the question would never have occurred to you.'" Another stage biographer, Mary Julia Young, who wrote a memoir of Mrs. Crouch, wrote of Mrs. Jordan: "Let her act what she will, she irresistibly gains your affection. You are blind to her faults, if she has any, and so partial to her merits that admiration and applause attend her steps." This, it will be observed, is the opinion of a lady, who would be less susceptible to Mrs. Jordan's charms than a mere male critic. In voice, also, the resemblance holds. William Robson, a noted critic, said of Mrs. Jordan that "her common speech had more sweetness in it than any other woman's singing." In another place he says, "She was not what is generally called a singer, but there was no need of helping strain to eke out voice or fill up deficiencies; the full, sweet sound stole around the largest theatres, and called soft echoes from their most secret recesses."

In the characteristics of her acting Miss Rehan closely follows Mrs. Jordan. Her brilliancy, her high spirits, her rich broad comedy power, all her qualities, are similar to those of her great predecessor, and she has made her greatest successes in precisely the same parts as Mrs. Jordan was most successful in. Viola was one of the older actress's most perfect characters in her younger days, and it is interesting to read Charles Lamb's glorious essay on her in that part, and see how much of it exactly fits the Viola of to-day. The younger actress follows her predecessor in her success in Hypolita, in Colley Cibber's "She Would and She Would Not," in Rosalind, and in "The Country Girl," and



MRS. JORDAN.—BY JOHN RUSSELL, R.A.

I cannot find that there was any quality in Mrs. Jordan's acting which we do not find in Miss Rehan's. And the moral of it all is—Take courage, O nineteenth century playgoer, and lament not the palmy days that are no more! True it is that we have not seen Peg Woffington, Kitty Clive, Mrs. Abington, Mrs. Jordan, but we have our compensation—we have seen Ada Rehan.

ELEONORA DUSE—AN APPRECIATION.

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

The proverb about "an ill wind" finds a striking illustration in the deplorable state of the theatre in Italy. Deplorable is certainly not too strong a word; but the whole world gains by Italy's loss. During the past half-century she has given to the whole world four actors of the first order, who, had they found a proper field for their genius at home, might probably have been contented with a local reputation. There is, one may almost say, no theatre in Italy. The opera has killed the *teatro di prosa*. There are playwrights of ability, managers, actors, performances, but everything is unsettled, haphazard, nomadic. Theatrically

speaking, Italy is all "provinces," with no capital. There are no established companies, with a local habitation and an honoured name; and great towns often pass months on end, in apparent contentment, without any sort of theatrical entertainment within their walls. That was the state of affairs twelve years ago, when I passed a winter in Italy, and I am not aware that there has been any marked improvement



MISS REHAN IN "THE RECRUITING SERGEANT."

in the interval. Of Turin and Milan I cannot speak; perhaps things may be somewhat better in the north, though there is certainly no established theatre, no Théâtre Français or Burgtheater, not even a Lyceum or Haymarket, in either of these cities. In Rome, Naples, Florence, Venice, where I passed six or seven months, there was an utter penury of theatrical entertainment. A very poor travelling company paid a six weeks' visit to the Teatro Valle, in Rome, playing a repertory chiefly composed of French plays; otherwise, I found scarcely a single theatre open in the whole of my peregrinations. The Roman audiences, I noticed, brought to the playhouse the bad habit of inattention contracted in the opera-houses; and in the whole length and breadth of Italy I could discover no such thing as a playbill or programme of any sort. There are theorists in England who hold that we should not know, or care to know, the names of the actors in a play; but there is surely a certain advantage in knowing the names of the characters. On reflection, however, I find there must have been another theatre open during some part of my stay in Rome, for I remember going to a sort of converted circus somewhere near the ruins of the Mausoleum of Augustus, and seeing a quite despicable performance of—what do you think?—"I Nostri Bimbi," better known as "Our Boys."

To this inanition of the national stage we must evidently attribute the fact that Italy has sent forth the four great international actors of our time—Ristori, Rossi, Salvini, and now Eleonora Duse. No other country has produced so many artists of world-wide repute. France, indeed, makes a good second with Rachel, Sarah Bernhardt, and—shall we say?—Coquelin; but the rest are all literally nowhere.

It is said—I hope untruly—that Eleonora Duse does not love her art. It is certain that she respects it, almost superstitiously. To it, and to it alone, she is determined to owe her success, unaided by any adventitious devices. Perhaps she has taken warning by the vagaries of that queen-cabotine of the day, Sarah Bernhardt, and has instinctively rushed to the other extreme. More probably her excessive reserve, her almost Puritanic insistence on her personal and professional dignity, are the natural outcome of a proud, shy, super-sensitive temperament, which could not, if it would, condescend to the shifts and artifices of social and journalistic puffery. Horsewhips and coffins, in any case, find no place among her accoutrements. The interviewer beats in vain at her

door; the social and personal paragraphist finds nothing to record in her sayings, doings, or dressings, her palace cars, or her silver baths. She will not even flog her talent and exhaust her sensibility in the race for wealth. She declines to let the curtain rise until she can do justice to her art, and when it falls it shuts out woman and artist alike from the public gaze. Of course, in this age of irrepressible, immitigable journalism, we are bound to "make copy" even of an artist's exclusiveness and austerity. Am I not doing so at this moment? "A pose, like another!" the cynic may say of the actress's attitude towards publicity; but at least it is a novel and not undignified pose.

Eleonora Duse has been described by some of her professed admirers as "a plain little woman." These must be the good folks who go for their ideal to the photograph-shop "Types of English Beauty." Her features, it is true, are not classical, not even quite symmetrical; but there is distinction in every line of her face, head, and neck. Her eyes are not to be described save in poetic hyperbole, her smile is a haunting charm, and her whole countenance is—I simply record my own experience—absolutely *unforgettable*. Once seen, it remains indelibly mirrored in the mind's eye; it does not fade, nor do other images blur its outline; and it dwells there, surely, as a thing of beauty. I should certainly never dream of ranking Eleonora Duse among the artists to whom Nature has been niggard and in whom genius has to stand in lieu of physical attraction. On the contrary, I should say that her face, with its touching melancholy, would dispose us sympathetically towards art much less accomplished. Her stature is certainly not commanding, and she has none of Sarah Bernhardt's highly-studied grace of movement and attitude; but she has, too, a grace of her own when she chooses to assume it. A similar remark applies to her voice. It is not naturally sweet, especially in moments of excitement, but it is capable, when she so wills it, of the most exquisite and caressing tenderness and purity of tone. If one were bound to express in a single phrase the characteristic quality of her acting, it might, perhaps, run something to this effect: She carries to an unequalled pitch the art of varied, vivid, and absolutely natural expression. She seems to *live* her character in every nerve, with a perfect



Photo by Guigoni and Bossi, Milan.

SIGNORA DUSE.

spontaneity which is impossible save as the outcome of perfect art. She gives us the half and quarter tints of emotion with admirable subtlety. A child, wishing to paint a purple robe, spreads, or tries to spread, an even wash of mauve over the whole surface; whereas, on looking into a purple robe painted by a great artist, we shall find that he has made almost every colour of the rainbow contributory to his effect. Dramatic expression ranges between two analogous extremes, and in Eleonora Duse at her best attains its highest iridescence. And her art is extremely, though not absolutely, versatile. She passes with perfect



MISS ADA REHAN AS VIOLA IN "TWELFTH NIGHT," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

VIOLA (to OLIVIA): "*I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.*"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

case from the heartrending emotion of Marguerite Gautier—I think of her joy over Armand's return in the last act as quite the most pathetic thing I ever saw on the stage—to the roguish gaiety of Goldoni's *Mirandolina* and the nervous vivacity of Sardou's *Cyprienne*. Poetic elevation she seems to lack—at least, if one may judge by her tame and trivial *Cleopatra*—and she now and then shows in her acting some of



Photo by Adèle, Vienna.

SIGNORA DUSE AS NORA IN "A DOLL'S HOUSE."

that austerity of temper which we recognised in her personality. She will not give herself away enough; she eschews the natural and even necessary effect because it is at the same time cheap and obvious; she so dreads overacting that she will now and then deliberately and perversely underact. The imperfections of her art are, perhaps, correlative to imperfections of character. She seems to be a trifle headstrong, disdainful of criticism, and intolerant in her shrinking from whatever is common or meretricious. But her faults are all on the side of distinction and artistic refinement, and there are times, and these neither rare nor brief, when she achieves the faultless expression of deeply-felt nature through consummate art.

ELEONORA DUSE—AN APPRECIATION.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

It was in America, last year, that I first heard of the fame of Eleonora Duse. In New York they raved about the new actress, with a manner and method so unlike any actress they had ever seen before. But in New York, as in London, though all could not fail to be impressed with her great gifts, her keen artistic sense, her heroic defiance of conventional artifice, still, the critical camp in New York, as in London, was divided in opinion as to one or two important personations. They could not all say, as many said here, that the view taken by Eleonora Duse of Marguerite Gautier in "*La Dame aux Camélias*" effaced the recollections of all the best Marguerites from Doche to Sarah Bernhardt. I, for one, cannot honestly say so, though I am prepared to be convinced later on. But with regard to Signora Duse's performance in "*Divorçons*" there is a pretty unanimous opinion, and here I may be allowed to make a confession and an apology.

In a pamphlet recently issued from Daly's Theatre, I am distinctly credited with writing very strong opinions about "*La Dame aux Camélias*" of Eleonora Duse and about "*La Locandiera*." In point of fact, I have never written one syllable in the journal I have the honour to represent

on the subject of Eleonora Duse's view of "*La Dame aux Camélias*," but I hope to do so shortly. As to "*La Locandiera*," I have never seen the play in my life, for I was in America when both plays were first produced in London. I have seen "*La Dame aux Camélias*," and I have criticised Duse's performance in "*Divorçons*" with the heartiest pleasure; but that is all. This comes of the common practice of crediting to an individual the authorship of an unsigned article in a popular newspaper.

My colleague represented me and criticised for me when I was away; but I cannot possibly be responsible for opinions uttered in London when I was on the other side of the Atlantic.

I am not surprised to hear that Signora Duse has a horror of the interviewer; in fact, she has always refused to be interviewed. She once said to a friend, "The public I belong to every evening from seven to eleven; for the rest, I am a woman, like every other woman, who has a right to live for herself."

But one of these days you may be able to see this great actress on one of her lonely rambles in the quiet thoroughfares of this mighty London of ours. Signora Duse has very few intimate friends, and her chief pleasure is to walk alone, noting humanity and manner as she passes by. There she goes, striding along in her box coat like a man in a hurry. Dressed very plainly, usually in black, with the dress fitting tight to the figure, without any rings or ornaments, save a long silver chain to which her household keys are attached, with a man's English-made watch in her pocket, and an Englishman's cane in her hand—that is the great actress, Eleonora Duse, observing mankind and studying character.

This extraordinary artist received her first lessons in her art from Billotti Bon. After her preliminary instruction, Cesare Rossi engaged her for secondary characters, but, soon discovering her great value, placed her in the front rank. In her early career she was the *ingénue* of the company; tragedy came later on. The great scene in "*Frou-Frou*" first brought her to notice as an actress of power—subdued power, but emphatic power, for all that. Her fame, however, was established in Italy through her performance in a version of "*La Femme de Claude*," by Dumas. This play was a complete failure when first introduced to Italy, but Duse gave it fame and strength on the instant.

In a similar way, she drew Italian attention to the "*Princessin von Bagdad*." It was in the middle of the eighties that Duse received her best acknowledgment of her greatness and power. Cesare Rossi was playing in the Teatro Valle in Rome, and, of course, Duse was the leading lady. At the conclusion of the play on the first night, the audience, which contained representatives of the noblest families in Italy, stood in the narrow street which leads from the University to the Teatro Valle, and gave her a true Italian welcome of enthusiasm and gratitude. To this day Signora Duse calls her troupe "*La Compagnia della Città di Roma*."

I am told that Signora Duse is very enthusiastic about her coming season. It was not so last year. She had just finished an American tour, and was tired. Besides, she had been told the English were very difficult to please. She knew no one in England, and English was as Sanscrit to her. She was more than half afraid of failure. This was due, probably, to tales of the English stage told to her by her secretary, Boufe. He had been secretary to Salvini. The latter got £18,000 for his first season's work in England. His second season was a failure; he sometimes played to £10. The causes of this failure of Salvini on his second visit to England have been often discussed and with much warmth.

The Italian actress starts her new career in, perhaps, the most beautiful playhouse in London and in a veritable atmosphere of art. In all probability, the new and the old critics alike will be satisfied before the holidays arrive. Mr. William Archer has placed on record a very strong opinion in answer to Sarcey, who was not over-impressed with Duse, saying that "in her explosions of fury and returns to tenderness there is more of temperament than of art." Mr. Archer, however, says, "Since the comparison with Sarah Bernhardt is thrust upon us, I must admit that Duse gives me far more pleasure than Sarah has given me for years past, simply because her art is delicate, noble, and unobtrusive, while Sarah's art has overlaid her native talent, until we are too often conscious of nothing but her tricks and processes."

With this honest opinion I profoundly disagree. I have never seen Sarah Bernhardt act better or with more inspiration than on the occasion of her last visit to London.

On some nights when she was in the vein I thought she had never before been so grand, particularly in her love scenes and death scenes. But, after all, the effect that good acting makes on one man or another must be different, as men's temperaments differ. Mr. William Archer is sincere in his convictions, and says what he feels or does not feel. So do I. So does Sarcey. So does everybody who loves the stage and good acting. But, for all that, I am not at all sorry that the passionate impulse and abandonment of Sarah to the tempest of the scene is to be preceded by the cooler and more calculating method by Eleonora Duse. Perhaps it is the "eternal feminine" over again. Sarah Bernhardt is the woman of yesterday: Eleonora Duse is the woman of to-day. But it must not be forgotten that your Traviatas and Fédoras, and heroines of the Dumas and Sardou school, were not drawn to-day, but were brightly painted the day before yesterday. Marguerite Gautier cannot possibly change after all these years. She has been painted, and abides for ever. Jules Janin owned that she made him "cry like a calf." It is because the critics of to-day cannot cry like calves that they misinterpret the character of Marguerite Gautier. They want to apply their unsentimentality to her sentiment, and the vincer won't stick. That is all.

PARIS ART SCHOOLS.

II.—THE ACADEMIE COLAROSSI.

A few years ago, a small band of English girl artists, weary of the Royal Academy's persistent refusal to admit them to the classes for the study of the undraped model, turned their backs on London, and set their faces towards Paris in search of an art school where one sex was not excluded



BERTHA NEWCOMBE

They were even useful to have in a studio, for "they always have bread to give a fellow when a drawing wants cleaning up."

from privileges freely granted to the other. Arrived in the Mecca of art students, these girl pioneers began industriously to make the round of the Paris academies. "Yes," was the answer to their quest, "certainly the ladies may study from the nude. The undraped model poses daily in the Atelier des Dames." But these pioneers demanded more than this. They were in search of a studio where there was no separate class for women students. They distrusted the Atelier des Dames, with its standard of criticism nicely regulated to the supposed sensitiveness of ladies, its subservience to conventionality and to Madame Grundy. They wanted an academy where men and women might work side by side under exactly the same conditions, where the work of both sexes would be judged by one and the self-same standard, where artists were artists first and men and women afterwards. *Le bon père* Julian and many of his colleagues shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders and raised their eyebrows over the eccentricity of *les Anglaises*.

At last, fate, or the natural course of events, guided the footsteps of the pioneers to the Académie Colarossi. They interviewed Angelo, as his affectionate patrons and pupils style him—Angelo of the soft southern speech and gentle manners; Angelo of the picturesque head, which has figured on many a canvas; Angelo, the *quondam* model, who, when his patrons were seized with a desire to start an academy, was easily persuaded to take the fees and assume the responsibility thereof. So, again, when stormed by the pioneers, Angelo, like Barkis, was willing. "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" were, and ever had been, the watchwords of the Académie Angelo. There were the classes where, all day long, models, draped and undraped, posed. The classes were free to all. To Angelo it mattered not whether the ladies did or did not study in the same rooms with the men students. It was their affair, not his. This being so, the pioneers—their number had dwindled to two—paid their fees and took their choice of an atelier. Needless to say, they chose the Atelier des Hommes.

The men students certainly opened their eyes that

morning, when, with the courage born of youth and of consciousness of ability to do work as good, at least, as that of the average man, the two girl students marched to their places in the studio, arranged their easels, and set quietly to work. After a time, the men did more than merely open their eyes or express their surprise in a prolonged whistle or a whispered joke. Some of them—and these, for the most part, were the Frenchmen, despite the national character for chivalry—became rude; but the Englishmen, driven to take a stand, stood by their countrywomen, and the better class of Americans followed suit. Moreover, in the long run, good work and dignified conduct told. The rough jokes and ribald songs, which, fortunately, had little meaning for English ears, grew less and less frequent, and peace was restored. Even the malcontents, who grumbled and prophesied that the studio would soon be overrun with petticoats, grew reconciled to the presence of the pioneers. These, they admitted, were *bonnes camarades*. They were even useful to have in a studio, for "they always have bread to give a fellow when a drawing wants cleaning up. We do not mind them, but we don't want others," these gallants went the length of saying, and so it came to be the custom, when any studio success was being celebrated, to invite the pioneer women to share in the libations, a compliment which, though it was appreciated, was politely refused.

So the pioneers triumphed, and paved the way for a group of clever Finnish girls, who, with the frank freedom from humbug that characterises the genuine daughter of the North, joined the mixed class, and by their lack of self-consciousness and their good work increased the respect of the men artists for their women colleagues.

In such simple, direct fashion was solved the vexed question now before the École des Beaux-Arts, the question of admitting women to the free art instruction, which has hitherto been the monopoly of men. The experiment at Colarossi's had produced none of the terrible results which had been predicted by the opponents of co-education—*brimades* and scandals and the like. But, then, it might fairly be answered that the experiment had been made with women few in number and exceptional in character and ability—women well able to hold their own with men colleagues. Whether the experiment would succeed universally, with average men and women, in a country where the science of platonic is almost unknown remains to be proved. But the experiment is still being tried, not only at Colarossi's, but also at another well-known art school, that of Merson. Indeed, it is one of the conditions of existence of the Académie Merson that a certain proportion of the total number of students should be women, and that there should be absolute equality of the sexes. This condition was made by the founders of the art school, certain students of Colarossi's school, and was willingly agreed to by M. Merson, an artist who had acted as visiting teacher at Colarossi's, and who was asked by these students to start an academy on his own account. M. Merson was and, I believe, is still of the opinion that mixed classes tend to improve both the work and the character of the students.

Though the mixed class at Colarossi's still exists, it can scarcely be said to flourish, if the number of women attending it be a criterion of its success. When I visited the studio, one evening last spring, I found only one solitary woman student at work along with a number of men. I believe that most nights she had a companion of her own sex, who was absent on the night of my visit. Although there was a substratum of "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay" in the sounds that floated about the studio, there was nothing to shock anyone not a prude in the sight of a charming little Italian girl, whose sepia-coloured skin seemed clothing enough for her graceful little body. The solitary woman student, who, I afterwards learned, was an American girl, worked on unconcerned and undisturbed by the sounds around her or by the presence of strangers.

But every woman is not a pioneer. Many a young girl artist, eager to join Colarossi's evening class—the only one in the neighbourhood



BERTHA NEWCOMBE

Corinne was posing, and Corinne is acknowledged to be one of the very best models in all Parisian model-land.

open to women—shrank from the ordeal of exposure to masculine rudeness, and to the risk of the *brimades* usually practised on a new student, from which women who associate with men students cannot expect to be exempt. The younger women held aloof altogether, or soon dropped out of the mixed evening class. So, seeing this, a capable young Canadian lady, who then acted as *massière* in one of Colarossi's morning classes, organised, with Angelo's approval, an evening class for women students only. When I left Paris, a few months ago, this class was one of the largest and most promising of all the art classes south of the Seine. No doubt some of this popularity is due to the fact already mentioned, that Colarossi's is the only art school in the neighbourhood where the evening classes are open to women. At the Académie Delécluse, in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, just a stone's throw from Colarossi's, the evening classes are open to men only, although ladies form by far the larger proportion of M. Delécluse's *clientèle*. Accordingly, many of the more energetic girl students in the studios south of the Seine, those who burn the candle at both ends, work in the morning or afternoon, or both morning and afternoon, at Delécluse's or some other studio, and repair to Colarossi's in the evening, thus gaining variety in criticism. This fact I discovered for myself one evening last spring, when, personally conducted by the gentle-spoken Angelo, whom I had surprised in the act of surrounding his picturesque head with a halo of tobacco smoke (he looked like an overgrown Raphael angel), I stumbled in his wake up a staircase of Stygian darkness. Blinking in the sudden transition from darkness to light, I was ushered into what Angelo announced to be the Atelier des Dames, a large, bare room, where some sixteen girls were at work. Sixteen girls, and not a whisper to be heard! But, then, Corinne was posing, and Corinne is acknowledged to be one of the very best models in all Parisian model-land. No portion of such a golden opportunity could be lost in talking. The graceful figure of Corinne was already familiar enough to me, for I had seen it in various poses on the walls of many an art school and private studio, draped and *à l'Académie*, in oil, and monochrome and crayon. Some strong crayon portraits of the famous model were in progress. As I made the round of the studio, I noticed many a weary face, and little wonder, for some of the young enthusiasts had, I learned, been at work, with only the briefest intervals for meals, since eight o'clock in the morning, and it was then nearly ten, and in the case of the true artist brain and nerves, as well as muscles, are involved in every stroke of work. No wonder, therefore, that at the end of her long day the girl artist is mentally as well as physically exhausted.

"Time up!" called the bright Canadian lady as ten o'clock sounded. Corinne began slowly to don the garments of civilisation. The weary students, put aside their work, and the charmed silence was broken.

In the equality of the sexes, which is the feature of Colarossi's art school, there is only one point of inconsistency. The women students have to pay at a slightly higher rate for their instruction, even in the classes open to both men and women. The fees are for men students twenty francs per month for the morning or afternoon class, fifty-five francs a quarter, and 185 francs a year; while for women students the fees are respectively five, fifteen, and sixty-five francs more than the fees paid by the men. For the evening class the men pay fifteen francs a month, the ladies twenty francs, while in the sculpture class held at the Rue de la Grande Chaumière men pay twenty-five, women thirty francs a month.

Why this financial partiality in favour of the men students? one asks, since the instruction is really the same. The usual answer is that a *clientèle* of women cannot be relied upon; that, whereas a man will probably attend a class for a year or years, a woman usually remains only a month or months. Moreover, it is urged by Angelo and others that women are so much more fastidious than men. They want the studio floor swept once a week, and other "nonsense of that kind." If this logic be rigidly applied, the ladies who attend the men's class should rejoice in little oases of cleanliness in dreary deserts of dust; but I remember the dust was quite as impartially distributed between the sexes as at the afternoon sketching class, which is open to both men and women at a fee of fifty centimes (about fivepence) for a lesson of two hours.

Besides the studio in the Rue de la Grande Chaumière, the Académie Colarossi has branches in the Rue Blanche, Montmartre, and in the Avenue Victor Hugo, near the Bois de Boulogne. In the Avenue Victor Hugo studio there is no evening class, and the fees, both for men and women, are higher than at the other two studios. The disparity between the fees for men and women students is also greater at the studio in the more aristocratic quarter. This seems to argue that the ratio of feminine and masculine inconstancy to art and the respective exactions of the sexes in the matter of floor-sweeping is greater in aristocratic Paris than on the "Surrey side of the Seine," as George Augustus Sala calls the less fashionable but more interesting side of the river.

Courtois, the well-known portrait painter, Joseph Blane, Debat-Ponsan, Girardot, Fritel, and for sculpture Injalbert, are the teachers who visit Colarossi's studios. Unlike his colleagues, Julian and Delécluse, Angelo does not assume the function of regular critic, but, when asked for, his criticism is freely given, and is invariably sound and true, though it is probably based less on practical experience as an artist than on a happy instinct as to form and colour. A. S.

SHAKSPERE. (AHHEM!)

I did what I could to stop it: I took aside the only young man of the party; I told him it would never do—that it was so awkward for ladies and girls. I prophesied that it must needs come to a speedy and a bad end. He asked me in what better way we could spend one evening a week than in meeting at each other's houses and reading Shakspeare—what else could more satisfactorily draw together a small English colony in a foreign colonial possession? I pointed out that a drawback to Shakspeare readings among intelligent people was that each, with a book before him, sees how much the other knows by what he leaves out, and that the guileless blunders of innocence placed the whole company in an awkward position. He remained obdurate; he insisted on Shakspeare.

Then I went in search of the most respected Elder of the Scotch kirk. He said, "Tut! tut! mun," and looked shocked and incredulous when I tried to state my objections. The good man had never read Shakspeare. "At least," I said, "let us wait and have out a consignment of Dr. Thomas Bowdler's edition by the next direct boat." He asked who Dr. Bowdler was, and remarked testily that they meant to study Shakspeare and not Dr. Bowdler, and, becoming rude, added, "Dinna try to mak' a fule o' me, for ye winna succeed." I left him in despair. I had done what I could to save our little colony from disruption and to preserve the last slender bonds which held us together.

And so it was agreed that we should meet the next evening at the house of this same Elder, and should commence our study of Shakspeare with 'Coriolanus.' The choice of the play reassured me



Corinne began slowly to don the garments of civilisation.

a little: as far as I could remember, it was singularly free from things risky.

When I arrived at the Elder's door I was in a tremor of nervous anxiety. I couldn't bring myself to go in; an undefined sense of great calamity was upon me. I paced up and down the street for half an hour in a state of miserable agony. But it would never do to offend all these good people for ever. I pulled myself together with an effort and went in.

They were waiting for me. I was profuse in lame excuses. "Business," I said, "had detained me." The company was chilly; the Elder was scornful, and said "he'd be unco' glad if he had any beesniss doin' at that teem o' the nicht."

There were twelve people present—three men, four married ladies, and five girls, all of them ignorant as the babe unborn of the first rudiments of English literature. None of the older people, I suppose, except in a very remote past, had ever read a play of Shakspeare's.

I pointed out that I made a thirteenth, and suggested that I should retire. Two of the old ladies looked as if they wished I would, but our host said severely that it "ill becam' me, livin' i' the midst o' a papistical people, to set an example o' sich gross soopersteeshun." A little superstition on his part would have saved a disastrous scene.

"Ah've allotted all the parts," continued the Elder, pompously. "Yew, surr [to me], wull keendly tak' the part o' Seeceenyus Vulecutuss. For mysel', ah'm takkin' the part o' Meneenyus Agrippa; Miss Lottie here 'ull tak' the Furst Ceetizun, and Miss Emly the Second. Mr. Maedougall 'ull keendly oblige, be readin' the part o' All. Noo to yer places, leddis and gentlemen; to yer places, please!" he cried fussily. "Aact one; scene one. R-rom. A Street. Enter a company o' muintinuss ceetizuns."

My risible muscles are miserably weak, and have played me many an awkward prank. If there was anything risky in this play, and if it was to be said in broad Glasgow Scotch, I foresaw that I should openly collapse.

The thought of this horrible additional temptation to laughter unnerved me more and more.

We opened our books.

MISS LOTTIE (First Citizen) (jauntily). *Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.*

[I wish they would hear me speak.]

MR. MACDOUGALL (All). *Speak, speak!*

MISS LOTTIE (more jauntily than ever). *You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?*

MR. MACDOUGALL. *Resolved, resolved!*

The play went on drearily, monotonously, but without hitch, until the hundredth line or so.

"It's verra interestin' and improvin'," interjected the Elder's wife.

THE ELDER (Menenius Agrippa). *Ah shall tell ye*

A pretty tale: it may be, ye have hurrd it;

But, since it surrves me purpos', ah wull ventier

To stale 't a little mohre.

[Movement of interest and expectation in audience.

MISS LOTTIE (pertly). *Well, I'll hear it, Sir; . . . an't please you deliver.* [Forced laughter.

THE ELDER (majestically):

*There was a teem when all the body's members
Rebelled against the b—b—b—*

The Elder paused, frowned, turned pale, glared fiercely round the table, glared more particularly fiercely at me, and gulped.

St—st—stut—stummick! he jerked out savagely.

At this, though I succeeded in suppressing all sound, I writhed upon my chair. The ladies used their fans briskly; the Elder's wife breathed stertorously, heavily. The Elder continued more calmly: he was evidently confident of having done with the objectionable word for that night.

Rebelled against the stummick; thus accused it:

That only like a gulf it did remain

I' the midst o' the body, eedle ahnd inahctive.

. . . . *The st-stummick (the Elder winced) answered—*

MISS LOTTIE (limply). *Well, Sir, what answer made the st—st—stomach?*

Oh, poor Miss Lottie, I never liked her, for I have suffered too much from the weary automatic pertness of her incessant wit, but now my heart bled for her. As for myself, I was fast passing beyond control—a hurricane of hysterical laughter swept down upon me. I grasped my head firmly between my hands, and gazed fixedly upon the small, dazzling print of my "Globe" edition: the whole page seemed dancing with the objectionable word.

THE ELDER (rapidly, nervously):

Surr, ah shall tell ye. With a keend o' smile,

Which ne'er came fro' the lungs, but even thus—

For, look ye, ah may mak' the b—st—stummick (with a groan of disgust)

smile

As well as speak. . . .

MISS LOTTIE (faintly).

Your st-stomach's answer? What!

The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,

The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier

The last remnants of my self-control were rapidly slipping away—far down in the regions of my st—st—stomach, I seemed to hear a sound as of suppressed chuckles. The fans were working furiously; the Elder's wife was snorting.

THE ELDER.

Wha-at then?

'Fore me, this fellow speaks! Wha-at then? Wha-at then?

The Elder gave a sigh of relief. At least, he had not to say it that time.

MISS LOTTIE (piteously, desperately). *Should by the cormorant b—b—st—st—stom—stomach be restrained—*

I think it was "cormorant" that finished me. Ha! ha! ha! ha! hoo! hoo! hoo! hoo! hoo! I was lying back limply in my chair laughing and sobbing, sobbing and laughing. The strain had been too much for me. I was attacked by a genuine fit of feminine hysterics. "Stummick, stummick!" I shouted wildly. "Stummick! stummick! Help! help! Hoo! hoo! hoo! hoo! hoo! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!" They gave me restoratives, and I went home in a cab ill, unnerved, humbled, crushed, despairing.

Thus ended our attempt to study Shakspeare. There was no more reading that night, and the sittings were never resumed. It was their own fault. I had done what I could to stop it; I had done what I could to save them. I had told them that it must come to a speedy and a bad end.

Of course, I am cut dead in the town. Not a soul will speak to me; every hospitable door is closed to me. For the sake of a little relaxation and to lighten a little the burden of my solitude, I sometimes spend my evenings at the music-hall. The community have heard of this, and it has only the more confirmed their opinion that I am a bold, bad man and a notorious evil-liver.

JOHN HUTCHINSON.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

TO AUTHORS AND OTHERS.

It is particularly requested that no further poems or short stories be sent to *The Sketch*, as the Editor has a supply sufficient to last him well into the twentieth century.

MISS FLORENCE FORDYCE.

The sympathetic young heroine of Pinero's little play, "Hester's Mystery," and the charming personator of Brenda Gage in Lumley's farce of "The Best Man," both now contributing to the doing of good business at Toole's Theatre, are very vividly recalled by Mr. Draycott's portrait, which seems to represent her in her pleasant flat in the act of relating to me the record of a dramatic career which, though limited as yet to a four-years length, gives promise of much success.

Some tell us that destiny is the occult arbiter of our lives; but, however that may be, it is more directly to the *res angusta* of domestic affairs that Miss Fordyce attributes her taking to an art professionally



Photo by Draycott, Birmingham.

MISS FORDYCE.

which she had loved as an amateur when a member of the Rosalind Dramatic Club. Miss Fordyce seems to have been a practical reader of Mrs. Glasse, for her initial venture was to catch the notice of the lessee of the Garrick Theatre, in one of whose companies, for six months on tour, she trod in the footsteps of Miss Kate Rorke in playing Mrs. Benjamin Goldfinch. A more trying situation for a mere tyro, however, was when she was called on subsequently to portray the spouse of the kindly Benjamin with John Hare himself in that character, an honour for which Miss Fordyce tremblingly thanked Dame Fortune. Then Mr. Hawtrey selected her to understudy Miss Lottie Venne in "Godpapa," and while that mirth-provoking actress was indisposed Miss Fordyce fully sustained the humour of the part.

Under the same management Miss Fordyce created the leading rôle in the pretty little piece, "A Breezy Morning." Then Miss Fordyce made a bold venture by putting on "Plot and Passion" at a *matinée* at the Criterion, herself playing Marie de Fontanges, and having Mr. Cyril Maude and Mr. Lewis Waller as coadjutors. However, she seems to have acquitted herself so well that a distinguished critic remarked that "her services will undoubtedly be required by London managers in the future." Her next step onwards and upwards was as Violet Woodmere, the second lead in "The Prodigal Daughter," at Drury Lane, towards the close of the production of that successful drama. Mr. Toole afterwards engaged her to play sympathetic heroines on tour, and notably she distinguished herself as Dot both by her evident appreciation of the character and by her charming rendering of "Auld Robin Gray"; while "Uncle Dick's Darling" gave her an opportunity, as Mary Belton, to display her cleverness in the "fall" scene, for down she went "like a log," and this recital brings me to her present engagement. Like all artists with lofty aspirations, Miss Fordyce is seldom satisfied with herself. She loves her profession, she impresses you as possessing special dramatic talent, and, with encouragement, she will doubtless make a distinctive mark in her line of acting.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

XVII.—MR. WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY AND
THE "NATIONAL OBSERVER."

Mr. William Ernest Henley's brilliant adventures in journalism and that most brilliant venture of all, his editing of the *National Observer*, his artistic accomplishments, also, as a writer both of poetry and prose—these are facts which belong to the history of the letters of our time, and are at the present moment more or less public property. But now that the *National Observer* has passed into new hands and knows Mr. Henley no more, it might be very profitable to examine with some



Photo by F. Hellyer, Pembroke Square, W.
MR. HENLEY.

closeness, not only the history of that brilliant fight for literature, but also the position which Mr. Henley at the moment of farewell to his old journal commands in the world of English letters.

Almost from the outset of his career, Mr. Henley's devotion even in journalism to art as pure art, apart from any commercial interest, can only be described as a passion. It was a devotion, indeed, which was not likely to receive much encouragement, and it frankly did not. The battle was a difficult one, and the success of it at one time doubtful; indeed, it is only the success of one achievement in the past which justifies the hope that such a devotion could ever command success. When, however, Mr. Henley was called to Edinburgh to guide the still young fortunes of the *Scots Observer*, he went with this absolute determination, that all his forces, all his personal and practical influence, should be directed to this demonstration—that a keen and contemporary method of journalism is compatible with, at least, some high degree of literary eminence. This was his ambition, and he at once set about its fulfilment in a characteristic fashion. Understanding that it would be useless to secure the co-operation of the older sort of journalistic hand to contribute to the success of his scheme, he quickly resolved, at any rate, to win the power of youth over to his side. Only a man of unshackled and independent judgment could have succeeded in this endeavour. There is nothing particularly impressive in youth, for its own sake, so far as art is concerned; but it was Mr. Henley's conspicuous triumph that he was able, in all places and at all times, to discover youth where talent was.

He enforced the principle upon which he had set out in season and out of season. "It is something," he wrote in these early days to one whom he had steadily rejected as a contributor, "to have an anti-journalistic standard of journalism—something for one's self, at all events; for to the common editor it is anathema, as I know to my cost. But you will find, as I have found, that to make a sentence for its own dear sake is—how excellent a thing! And that a sentence once made is

something not all the able editors that live can utterly abolish and destroy. And that (as things go) is much." By the enforcement of these principles, which were received by precisely those minds whom he was most anxious to influence with a really extraordinary enthusiasm, he was able to rally round his standard a staff who were proud of him, and in whom he never to the last ceased to express his pride. The *Scots*—afterwards the *National Observer*—became, and was, when all is said and done, emphatically a literary record. Whatever may have been said in its disfavour—and much has been said—it is impossible to turn over the pages of its volumes without appreciating the enormous bulk of purely literary matter which has passed into its columns. To take a very few instances, Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Barrack-Room Ballads" (for the most part), his "Tomlinson," his "Blind Bug"—changed later with disastrous effect—and his "Flag of England" appeared in these columns. With one exception, all the published essays of Alice Meynell—essays which, soberly speaking, can rival the best collected essays of this century for their purity of style and the acuteness of their perception—were published in the same pages. From the same source Mrs. Graham R. Tomson and Miss Tynan gathered many of their poems into book form. Mr. G. S. Street has published one book of charming essays which appeared there, and he is, we believe, on the brink of publishing another. Mr. Kenneth Graham's recent volume of essays was gathered from the *National Observer*, and in its columns Mr. Marriott Watson published his exquisite "Diogenes of London." Mr. Swinburne has drawn poems from its columns into his collected works; Mr. Harold Frederic has a book in the press, "Observations in Philistia," which first saw light there; and we are aware of two or three other volumes of collected essays which, having already been printed in this extraordinary paper, are shortly to be published in compact form.

The paper has, of course, had its enemies, for the obvious and simple reason that it possessed all the defects of its qualities. Upbraiding as it did many other journals for subservience and complacency, these retorted with an accusation of acrimoniousness. Nothing, it was said, could please the critics of this one journal, and one man, even of reputation, was ill enough advised to accuse Mr. Henley of logrolling, apparently because praise from him was so rare and so personal an experience. There was some ground, of course, for the accusation. In truth, it is impossible to be rigidly independent in this world without a strict and high standard of justice, and strict justice, as we all know, is apt to err on the side of severity. Anyway, side which way you will, Mr. Henley's record in what may be called journalistic literature is a fact unique in our times and, necessarily, in any other times; for the *Spectator* (of Steele we mean, of course) and its brethren were pure literature with only an ancestral pretension to consideration as journalism.

Meanwhile, what of Mr. Henley's personally artistic achievement during these years of stress and toil and unbending resolution? Before he went to Scotland to lift the standard of letters in the field of journalism, he had already published a volume of poems which must always be considered as the property of the great literature of England. The verse of "In Hospital," which, to use his own phrase of another poet, was distinguished by the only true realism, because it was "the only perfect ideal of realisation," has not, for savage impulse and vision, combined with exquisite artistry, its counterpart in the language; while no higher praise could be given to this younger and more artificial mode of expression than to say that, despite the ultimate artifices of metre which he employed, it yet contained the deep and pardonable emotion of true poetry. Nor did poetry cease to occupy his attention during all those anxious hours of editorial work. His "London Voluntaries and other Poems," which for pure artistic accomplishment and radiance of effect show a great and serious progress in his craft, appeared, for the most part, in his own paper. We believe we are right in saying that, with the great exception of "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," which appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*, and which seems to some to express romance greatly in a novel and absolutely personal fashion—all these poems were published in the *National Observer*; a large portion, also, of "Views and Reviews" appeared in the columns of his journal.

This is the record of the artist and the editor. As an artist, this time cannot, probably, judge him with accuracy—it may assign him greatness, yet refuse at present to classify him; as an editor, his influence over those fortunate ones of his choice has been, and will be, immeasurable, so that he may recollect that, if many have cursed him heavily, a few, at least, bless him most heartily.

A DISTINCTION.

Though one can boast a rose from you,
And one a lock of hair,
And many think you good and true,
And all esteem you fair;
Though each of more than two or three
Your longed-for favour wears,
One boast, my dear, remains for me—
A prouder boast than theirs.

I have no locket-prisoned curl
My watch-chain to adorn,
No rose or ribbon, lovely girl,
That you have ever worn;
But this I boast, oh! more than fair,
'Tis this my pride secures—
I never even wished to wear
The slightest gift of yours.

E. NESBIT.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



A NURSERY TALE.—CARLTON SMITH.

Exhibited at the Gallery of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

In these days of novelty and revolution, when no man knows either his own or another man's mind, it is something to take down from one's shelves Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Discourses on Art," and reach for one's self to some standard by which a reasonable judgment can be made. This is the natural comment of any critic after visiting the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. You go, for example, to Sir Edward Burne-Jones's extremely elaborate "Morte d'Arthur," and you wonder at it a little. Then you open your Sir Joshua, and you read—

If deceiving the eye were the only business of the art, there is no doubt, indeed, but the minute painter would be more apt to succeed; but it is not the eye, it is the mind which the painter of genius desires to address; nor will he waste a moment upon these smaller objects, which only serve to catch a sense, to divide the attention, and to counteract his great design of speaking to the heart.

From this it is instructive to wander on to Mr. Haag's extremely clever "Mecca Pilgrims Returning to Cairo," with its crowded scene and its extraordinary attention to the small individual character of every member of a crowded group. Each human creature seems to have its own accident, and to such a degree that one critic has been constrained to observe that "each has his own character, his own gestures—so to speak, his own history." This strikes us as a perfectly just comment. Now for Sir Joshua—

As in invention, so, likewise, in expression, care must be taken not to run into particularities. . . . Bernini has given a very mean expression to his statue of David, who is represented as just going to throw the stone from the sling, and in order to give it the expression of energy he has made him biting his under-lip. This expression is far from being general, and still farther from being dignified. He might have seen it in an instance or two, and he mistook accident for universality.

Mr. Walter Crane's "Ensigns of Spring," again, has all that painter's

own grace of character and sentiment. The three figures which form the composition are prettily harmonised, and give one the odd impression—which we must be excused, therefore, for expressing oddly—that, if there had been no other great painter in the world, Mr. Walter Crane would undoubtedly be the greatest. The saying may sound paradoxical or obvious from whatever point you view it, but there is a certain subtle truth in it for all that. Let us turn once more to Sir Joshua—

It may possibly have happened to many young students whose application was sufficient to overcome all difficulties, and whose minds were capable of embracing the most extensive views, that they have, by a wrong direction originally given, spent their lives in the meaner walks of painting without ever knowing there was a nobler to pursue.

The sale of some of the paintings by the late Ford Madox Brown is announced to take place this month. Another attraction—of melancholy interest, it must be allowed—to this sale will be what is described as an almost unique collection of presentation copies "from the best contemporary authors." There is a literary sanctity which seems to be offended by the dispersal at an auction of special gifts such as these, which usually have a sentimental charm about them: appreciated only by the donor or the owner.



LES MALÉDICTIONS DE L'AÏEULE.—A. P. MORLON.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



CORTÈGE PASSING THE PEERLESS MOUNTAIN (FUSIYAMA).—TOYUKUNI.
Exhibited at the Goupil Gallery, Regent Street.

The recent decision of the Chief Constable of Glasgow to suppress a certain exhibition on account of the nude subjects there represented reopens an outworn controversy about which it would be easy to write many platitudes. The question to be asked, of course, is this: Is the mere fact of nakedness a natural obscenity? And it is answered in various ways.

The more conventional a man is, the more he educates himself to a certain fixed standard of thought: refusing any other as decent, the more he will abide by the convention and the standard of his bringing-up. To any man of a somewhat illiberal mind, the conventions of life are based upon no reasonableness, upon no vital logic. He acts so because his father acted so before him. For this reason, to make a useful digression, we have known a man with even a vehement adherence to Agnosticism decline to play cards on a Sunday!

He was, of course, the creature of convention, and we choose to call this ideal, the abstract type of such a creature, by the name of Mrs. Grundy. Let us make some attempt to define her character. The world, as she sees it, seems precisely the world as it was intended to be. "A primrose by the river's brim, a yellow primrose is to him," and it is nothing more. She sees people walking the streets with clothes upon their back, and

she is pleased to note the daily fact. She even takes an interest in clothes, for this precise reason that they are the principal factors in a common fact of life.

Thus it happens that the human form, dimmed by drapery, whether obscured by the crinoline or divinely indicated by the Elgin marbles, is the only realisation which is permitted by Mrs. Grundy. Strip that form of clothes and she becomes even hysterical. She cannot away with it; not because it appears to her to be unbeautiful—that is a matter which naturally does not concern her—but because it is



MONT SAINT MICHEL: MOONLIGHT.—ALBERT GOODWIN.
Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, New Bond Street.



GORING CHURCH.—MAX LUBY.
Exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery, New Bond Street.

unusual, and to disregard convention is, in her eyes, the last crime of humanity.

And yet—and yet—although we all admire Mrs. Grundy extremely, since we ourselves are the slaves of infinitely numerous conventions, such as the frock-coat, the tall hat, the razor, and the rest, there seems to occur at certain moments a glimpse into a world beyond, unconventional, yet convincing, unrestrained, clean, pure, without one hint of obscenity or of sensuality. Surely he must have won such a glimpse who first conceived the idea of reproducing in the calm unchangeableness of stone the outline and the fulness of the simple human body. It is against this inspiration that Mrs. Grundy, in the person of the Chief Constable of Glasgow, is at present strenuously striving.

If the doctrines of this conventional sect were to be accepted with any kind of universality, we should quickly be compelled to close the British Museum, and, indeed, all the minor museums of the country. We should have to banish the art of the Greeks from our midst, and take to the worship of old clothes. If any man desired—the saying is old, but it will serve—to know the possibility of beauty in the human body, let him visit the British Museum and try to appreciate what Athens



HEAD OF A SAINT.—PERUGINO.

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VIRGIN AND CHILD.—FRA BARTOLOMMEO.

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"A SEASON OF CLEAR SHINING TO CHEER US AFTER RAIN": MUSLADE BAY, GOWER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. F. H. WORSLEY-BENISON, CHEPSTOW.



THE GUITAR.—GEORGE THOMSON.
Exhibited at the New English Art Club, Dudley Gallery.



A REHEARSAL.—JOSEPH SKELTON.
Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

was able to do. Let him carefully meditate upon those wonderful nude masculine forms, with their infinitely graceful outline, their perfect fulness, their easy posture, their facile relation of part with part, their majesty and calm, their superb complacence; let him also turn to the magnificent indication of the female form, behind drapery that touches,

as it were, a real body already sculptured beneath. Let him revolve these facts in his mind; then let him leap in thought from Greece to Glasgow, and remember the feat of the authorities of that town in their suppression of the nude. If he will do these things, we promise him a startling sense of contrast. We have tried it for ourselves.



THE MUSICIAN.—JOHN PETTIE, R.A.
Now exhibiting at the Guildhall.



MAHARAJAH OF BURHANPUR.—C. B. BIRCH, A.R.A.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



BEFORE.



RAB

AFTER.

RECEIVING DAY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



THE CONJURER.



PARSON (to the pupils) :

"Is this the way you play the fool,
Dear little girls, in the Sunday School?"

PARSON (to himself) :

"If this is a form of the Daughters' Revolt,
'Twere better, I think, for the parson to bolt."



PATERFAMILIAS: "What do you expect to be if you grow up such a dunce?"
YOUNG HOPEFUL: "A masher."



THE HONEYMOONERS: AN EVERYDAY SIGHT IN VENICE.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The observances of Primrose Day, now less obvious than formerly, have called attention to the remarkable personality of the Earl of Beaconsfield, and the more so because of the apparently final retirement of his great rival. Two more different natures it would seem hardly possible to find: one as much too serious as the other was too cynical; one mysterious in language, and the other in action; one elaborately erudite in classical research, and the other elaborately frivolous in modern fiction.

It is amusing to look through one of Disraeli's novels again, and think of the change that has passed over public taste. How fresh some parts of his work—the political disquisitions, the keen epigrams—still remain, and how utterly the sentimental and descriptive passages have lost their flavour!—though, in all probability, some of these latter passages were felt by the public and their author at once to be false and artificial. Thackeray's exquisite "Codlingsby" is hardly a parody of some of the flashy insincerities of the original "Coningsby"; but did the author set any higher value on these passages than the parodist? I doubt it. With the Semitic instinct, the novelist adorned his tales with the cheap jewellery of lofty sentiment, high-born ladies and lovers, carpets of violet velvet painted by distinguished artists, panoramic polysyllables, and all the other paste gems and gilt brass of the period; but as for believing in his own work—that I do not think Beaconsfield ever did.

There is something curious about the literary efforts of the two statesmen—one selling the cheap false jewellery of the fashionable novel, with an occasional real gem of political epigram; the other, with learned and laborious futility, reconciling geology and Genesis, or defending the unity of the Iliad, in a style that absolutely refuses to be remembered. If "the style is the man," as the adage says, Mr. Gladstone's chances of immortality are but small. An age that merely reads his speeches and writings will be unable to imagine how such language could command such influence. Epigram is a dangerous weapon, for it makes the bitterest enemies; but it hooks on to the skirts of Fame.

Some day there will probably be a really good biography written of Disraeli: the life of Mr. Gladstone will never, I fear, be satisfactory. It is easy to note what he said, wrote, did, but hard to get at the man himself inside of his work. There is something intangible about his nature—at least, to me; something that would make one doubt whether one had ever reached the actual self and inner principle of the man. Now, Beaconsfield lay outside his work, and was, if anything, too plainly contemptuous of his books, his party, his surroundings. It ought to be possible to arrive at a real, consistent, and dramatic theory of his character.

I think there can be little doubt that the fact of Disraeli's having written light novels injured him with many worthy people just as the grave character of Mr. Gladstone's studies has won him favour and reflected credit on his political action. The serious and stolid portion of the world objects to versatility, not so much, perhaps, from any avowed motive as from the fatigue caused to the middle-class mind by conceiving one and the same person as fulfilling two very different sets of functions. To do one thing incessantly, even if only moderately well, is often more lucrative than to do several things far better. Once let a man create what has been called "an atmosphere" about him, and he may fail grievously without damaging his prestige or impairing the demand for his services. There are some dramatic authors who have had hardly one considerable success to numerous failures; yet, whenever a manager is on the look-out for a new play, it is to these persons that he feels bound to apply. Why? They have, somehow, acquired an atmosphere of credit, and all who come within that atmosphere see them surrounded with the halo of the success which they have hardly ever attained.

But there is much excuse for managers clinging to established reputations. The dramatic world is a mere bewilderment. The guileless critic of the *World* thinks that any good piece meets approval, that in proportion to the cleverness of the work is its success. I doubt it greatly. Real intellectual merit, literary skill, dramatic power, are not necessarily rewarded by big box-office returns. And refinement is emphatically the one thing that does not pay. The average public must be hit between the eyes, and hit hard. One striking scene or effect that can be talked about afterwards earns more approval than a level performance of sustained excellence, and there seems no half-way house between a considerable success and a disastrous failure. Managers, like sheep, rush into every new style of piece that has even remotely

approached success, and run it out of fashion in a year or two, and then seek for a new sensation. Authors do the same; they are all doing "Second Mrs. Tanquerays," or variety shows, or one-part farces. Experiments mostly result in failure. The public does not know what it wants, but wants something; and theatrical enterprise is even more a lottery than ever.

One wishes there could be more permanence, more certainty, more organisation in the theatrical world. There are no permanent companies—at most, there is a nucleus of two or three. The same person will flit round the theatres to half-a-dozen pieces in one year. Syndicates appear like mushrooms, take theatres, produce plays, run through their capital, and disappear again. No one knows really what succeeds and what does not.

MARMITON.

BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

Quixotic though it may seem, I cannot help having a tilt against the practice, now so absurdly abused, of tipping the keeper. Very old sportsmen tell me that when they were boys tipping was unknown, or never got farther than giving the keeper sixpence to buy a glass of beer. Nowadays, while Velvetens will scarcely take the trouble to say "Thank you" for anything but gold, on many estates he looks to wind up a day's covert shooting with tips that vary from a sovereign to five. This is all wrong. It takes all the pleasure out of a day's sport. Nor is it altogether a question of whether you can or cannot afford it: it is a deeper matter than that, for it strikes at the roots of good-fellowship. A neighbour asks me to shoot. Good. He does it out of friendliness, and, perhaps, friendship to myself. Good. And yet he allows me to take all the grace out of his act by paying him, through his keeper, a tax on the day's sport! Where is either the common kindness or common sense of this? The tipping system is a vile thing, and nowhere viler than in matters of sport.

Evils of the
Practice.

Now see. Keepers are often capital fellows, but they are only human, after all. Who can blame them if they get demoralised by this constant tipping? No one. If you watch a keeper taking his tips, you will often observe that he does it in two movements, so to say. First, if he dare not glance, he feels the size of the coin, and then disposes it in one pocket or another, as the case may be—this latter method is for the better inquiry at home. The tips are, as far as possible, kept distinct. What is the result? This, that the man who has given the least has the worst place next time, and so in ascending ratio. Quite possibly, the poor five-shilling men will never be invited again, for some masters are quite in their keeper's hands, and a trumped-up story is easy to make. That poor "Five Shillings" is a careless shot, and all but killed a beater, will do very well in lieu of a better. Why on earth a keeper should be paid anything beyond his lawful wages is hard to understand. No; it is an indefensible practice.

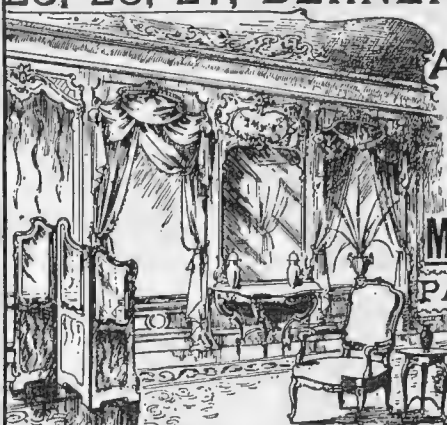
Bad Foxes.

And this leads me to a further question. The hunting season which has just closed has been, unfortunately, marked by an unusual want of good foxes. From all sides complaints of this have come in. There have been plenty of foxes—too many, in short—but not of the right sort. An extraordinary number have either been mangy or unable to run. Obviously, this can mean nothing except that the old foxes have been killed and the cubs brought up by hand or fed at the earth. And here, again, the question of tipping keepers comes in. As long as masters will allow their keepers to receive gratuities from the hunt for the foxes found in their coverts, so long this state of things will continue. A keeper is clearly not going to have an old vixen fox running round the woods pilfering, so long as he can keep a nice little supply of hand-fed, inoffensive youngsters for the hounds when they come, and is well paid for doing it. Everything really is in the hands of the masters. They can put down their foot at once and stop it, or they can let it go on from bad to worse.

Fear in Hunted
Animals.

A nice little controversy is "raging" in the columns of a contemporary paper on this much-vexed question. It has long seemed to me that this is just one of those questions which each man must settle for himself. That a fox is afraid when he runs from the hounds, no one will deny; but whether he has that "power of anticipation" or the same "intellectual appreciation" of pain and fear which man has, who can say? No one can prove it *kind* to hunt the fox, and, therefore, it must be *unkind*—that is, cruel. And if here a moral question comes in which arouses the indignation or the disgust of any man, then that man had better not hunt, or, for that matter, fish or shoot either; but there are others—and I am free to confess I pray they may long be in the majority—who feel that since it is to their proficiency in field sports that Englishmen owe the qualities which have placed their country where it is, it will be an evil day for England when feelings such as these are allowed to determine questions which deal with a practice which, whatever its essential weak points, does not make its votaries cruel, vindictive, or mean in character, but rather leaves them fearless, kindhearted, and generous natures.

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Ask your Grocer for "IVY" Soap. If any difficulty, we will send you 3 Cakes in a handy box carriage paid, on receipt of your address and 12 Stamps, or 1s. Postal Order.

GOODWIN'S Ivy Soap Works, SALFORD.

CHARLES GREEN, THE CABMAN.

From the *Wolverhampton Chronicle*.



We have just learned of the thrilling experience of the well-known cabman, Charles Green, 42, Rabey Street, who for many years has been employed by the Wilson Cab Company, Wolverhampton. His experience, as related below, is as interesting as it is extraordinary. It appears that Mr. Green had occasion recently to go out of town, remaining over night, and was obliged to sleep in a damp bed, and thereby contracted rheumatism in the most severe form. It seemed to settle all over him; he was brought home, put to bed, and for more than eight weeks could not move hand or foot. His agony was such that he would scream if anyone came into the room, for fear they would touch him. His knees were swollen to three times their natural size. He was taken to the Wolverhampton Hospital, where he remained four weeks, at the end of which time he was discharged as incurable. He was taken home, when his wife persuaded him, as a last resort, to try St. Jacobs Oil, Green remarking at the time to his wife, "that if St. Jacobs Oil cured him he would buy her a new frock," little expecting, however, that he would have that pleasure. His wife then had a double interest in curing her husband. She applied half the contents of one bottle to his knees, rubbing the parts vigorously for half an hour, when she left the room for a few minutes. On returning she was surprised to hear Green say, "I shall have to buy you a new frock, for I can turn myself and move my legs." Continuing to use this famous Oil, Green commenced to improve, and after using the contents of four bottles he was out and on his cab at work in all weathers, and as well and hearty as ever he was in his life. He was laid up four months altogether, perfectly helpless, could not move hand or foot.

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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CYCLING.

The spring meeting of the Surrey Bicycle Club at Herne Hill, on April 21, was attended by 16,000 persons—a record for attendance at the London County Grounds. The most attractive item on the programme was, as usual, the Ten Miles Race for the Surrey Cup. The winner was not found in new hands, but its popularity may be easier estimated when we consider that Mr. Lewis Stroud, the hero of many victories and championships, who in the past competed several times for this trophy without palpable success, has commenced his 1894 season with such a marvellous achievement. The contest was keen and exciting. Out of twenty-seven entrants, twenty-four started, and over a score finished, in the excellent time of 25 min. 22 3-5 sec., taking into consideration that the season is young.

Mr. Stroud is most popular on the track and in the cycling world. He made his *début* when at Oxford, and coming to London, where he practises as a solicitor, he has won many prizes and championships, despite the short time his profession allows him for training. He is captain of the Bath Road Club, and has the honour of having been the first bicycle champion of France.

The next item in point of interest on the programme was the Mile Scratch Race for the Sydney Challenge Cup. T. Osborn, who beat G. E. Osmond, H. Rule, and S. T. Meager in the first heat—the start of which forms one of our illustrations—scored an easy victory in the final over T. E. Newman, 2; T. Gibbons-Brooks, 3; R. A. Marples, 0.

T. Osborn is a member of the Polytechnic Cycling Club, and a most promising young rider. His performances last year included eight first prizes at various distances, six seconds, and three thirds.

The Mile Handicap Race was won by J. Platt-Betts, of the South Roads Cycling Club, and in this



T. OSBORN (POLYTECHNIC C.C.).

WINNER OF THE MILE SCRATCH RACE AND SYDNEY CHALLENGE CUP, ALSO SECOND IN THE TEN MILES RACE.



SPRING MEETING OF THE SURREY BICYCLE CLUB AT HERNE HILL: START FOR THE TEN MILES RACE AND THE SURREY CUP.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. R. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.



Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

MR. LEWIS STROUD,

CAPTAIN OF THE BATH ROAD CYCLING CLUB, WINNER OF THE SURREY CUP.

race the mile handicap record was reduced from 2 min. 14 1-5 sec. to 2 min. 11 1-5 sec.

The Five Miles (Scratch) Tandem Race appeared to gain favour with the public, and, after a capital race, victory rested with the brothers Ilsley, of the Stanley Cycling Club.

Herne Hill, for the next three or four months, promises to be the centre of all wheeling attraction, and next Saturday the Catford Club hold their racing carnival on the popular ground. The Catford has long been famed as one of the foremost clubs in the "Village," and additional interest is lent to this year's meeting, owing to the inclusion of an international cash prize race—an innovation of much import at this critical juncture, when the Zimmermans and the Harrises are going over to professionalism.

CRICKET.

Hail the merry season of cricket! The first-class season opens to-day, and glad is the heart of the man whose soul responds to the music of bat and ball.

Cricketers show their appreciation of the good things of this world by starting off with a feast. The annual dinner of the M.C.C. takes place at Lord's to-day. A little business will also be transacted, but I am informed that the question of altering the law as to the "follow on" will be postponed.

Meanwhile, Sussex, as usual, open the ball at Lord's to-day by playing the M.C.C. I hear flattering things spoken of the prospects of the seaside county, and, while I hope Sussex is to improve on last season's good record, I prefer waiting to see how they shape on the field. A first-class fast bowler has long been the weak point of Mr. W. L. Murdoch's team. By-the-way, the Anglo-Australian has been in rare form with the bat in the few matches he played in "down under" during the winter. C. B. Fry, might also be an acquisition to the team when his 'Varsity duties permit of his assisting Sussex.

To-morrow Notts open the season cautiously by playing what is called a second-class county—Warwickshire. The latter, however, were quite good enough to hold their own against several of the first-classers last season, and I will be surprised if, with equal luck, the Birmingham men do not keep up their end against Nottinghamshire in their present weakened condition. Notts' prospects have not been so gloomy for years. The old men are failing, and the youngsters are of no class. With Shrewsbury only able to assist occasionally, tall William will be the only great Gunn in the batting line. Of course, there is Mr. Dixon willing and often able to come off, Flowers, who blooms in the early summer, and Barnes, grown grey in the service of his county; but the backbone of the team, so to speak, is weak, not to say flabby, and though Sharpe may strengthen the bowling, I don't see how, in the absence of Shacklock, it is to improve on last season's disastrous record.

At either 'Varsity, Freshmen's matches begin to-morrow, in the quest for "hidden talent." Alas! how often do the promises of these 'Varsity trials fail to yield fruit in the broader arena of first-class cricket! Yet surely will P. H. Latham, steadiest of batsmen, find eleven good men and true to keep up the prestige of the Light Blue centre of cricket, and repeat, or improve on, if possible, last season's splendid record. I noticed F. B. Sherring make a fine score of 107 (not out) in the Freshmen's match at Trinity—a performance which reads like a certain Blue for the ex-captain of Westminster. At Oxford, C. B. Fry may be depended upon to make the best of the material at hand on the banks of the Isis. On paper, Oxford is very strong, and I can't for the life of me yet see how they came off so badly last year. I am not a believer in luck, and yet I would not be prepared to deny that the Dark Blues were under an unlucky star last season.

Next Monday introduces a couple of good matches to London. With Notts at Lord's and Warwickshire opening the Oval against Surrey, the cricket enthusiast is well catered for. I have been looking up the Surrey people recently. Judging from the expansive smiles of officials, amateurs, and professionals, one would think that Surrey were champions still, and had no fear of being deposed this side of the millennium at least. And yet they occupied but a moderate place last season. That Surrey will do much better this year I do not doubt for a moment, but whether they can regain their lost laurels I am not yet prepared to say. I will, however, go the length of saying that if Yorkshire be deposed Surrey will once more head the poll.

So far, the Surrey turf has behaved excellently. The centre of the ground, however, has yet to be fairly tested. Sam Apted, the ground-man, tells me that with fair usage and decent weather he will stake his reputation on the new turf, and it is not for me to gainsay such an authority. I have my doubts, however, and will be very glad to be proved in the wrong. By-the-way, I may mention that Henderson, the Surrey pro., is a diligent student at the Metropolitan School of Short-hand, and I am informed by one of the masters that Henderson's calligraphy is the most perfect he has ever seen. Here is a good compliment for you, Bobby.

The South African team are now in England, and are practising daily with a view of getting used to playing on turf. When their foot is on their native heath it is covered—the heath, not the foot—by cocoa-nut matting. I will have something to say about our guests from the Cape next week.

OLYMPIAN.



Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

H. Rule.

G. E. Osmond.

S. T. Meager.

T. Osborn,

Winner of Final.

F. J. Osmond.

FIRST HEAT OF THE MILE SCRATCH RACE FOR THE SYDNEY CHALLENGE CUP.

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Guy's Tonic is sold by Chemists throughout the World.

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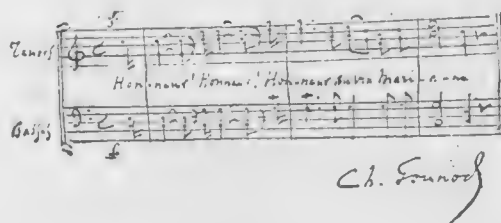
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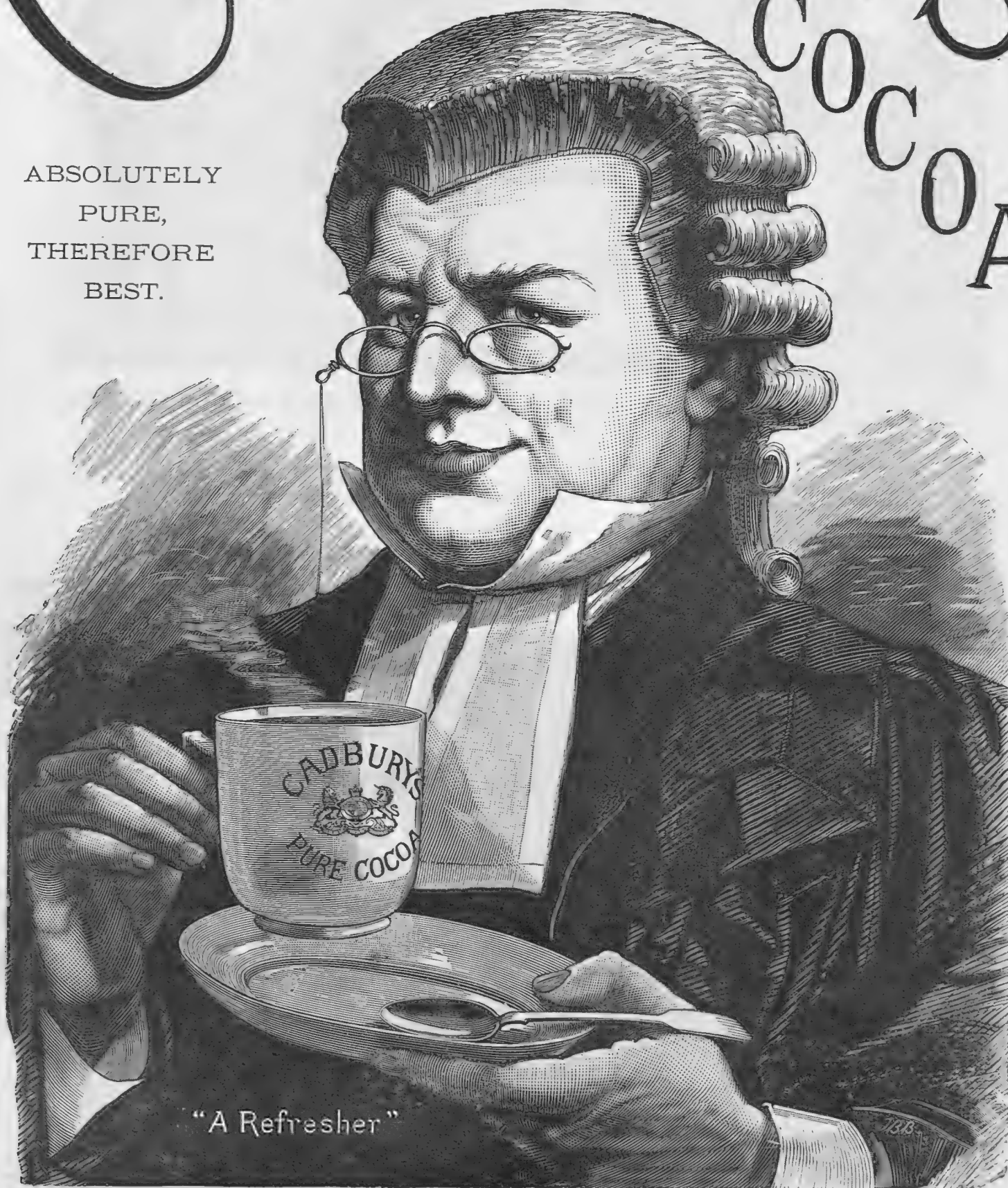
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PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

The Parliamentary week has been a busy and exciting one, and again the Government have scored. We have had the Budget resolutions passed, the second reading of the Eight-hours Bill for miners carried by a majority of 87—nine more than last year—and we have had the introduction of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill by Mr. Asquith. We have had the assault of the country gentlemen, led by Mr. Chaplin, and completely and brilliantly repulsed by Mr. Fowler. Of the Miners' Bill I can only say that I never heard a better debate in the House of Commons; everything was to the point—terse, logical, admirably argued. To my mind, the best speech in the debate was that of Mr. Keir Hardie. It is a pity that the Member for South-West Ham has not bethought himself earlier of the ways in which to secure influence in the House of Commons. His fellow Labour member, Mr. John Burns, never misses a chance, is always on the spot, lobbies with the adroitness and vigour of the oldest of Parliamentary hands, and was mainly responsible for the conclusive victory for the Bill. Mr. Hardie's appearances are few and erratic. His speeches consist for the most part of extreme harangues, spoken to outside rather than inside opinion, and not carrying the conviction of much intellectual weight. These defects, however, did not in the least degree attach to his admirable speechlet on the Eight-hours Bill. It only lasted a very few minutes; but I never heard a more finished and well-rounded argumentative retort, or a more fitly and even elegantly worded oration. It would have done credit to anybody, and produced a very favourable impression on both sides of the House. Mr. Hardie clearly has power. It is a pity that he has not quite learned the art of using it and adapting it.

THE CHARGE OF THE SQUIREARCHY.

Inferior, perhaps, in social interest to the Eight-hours Bill, but still very interesting and suggestive in its way, has been the attack of the landlords on the Budget. The country Tories have found out that the Budget is extremely popular, and this is what makes them rage all the more furiously. The Chaplins, the Lowthers, the Hicks-Beaches, all hate and fear the equalisation of the death duties, and, though they will disguise their hostility as much as possible, they will unquestionably do their best to overthrow the Budget. As it happened, they met with a striking reverse from an unexpected quarter. Mr. Chaplin had rolled out—I use the words in a very literal sense—the old, old moan of landlords crushed by an overwhelming burden of taxation. Suddenly, up gets Mr. Fowler with a big budget of notes in his hand, and explains in a speech unrivalled for lucidity and strength the whole problem of local taxation. He showed beyond question that, instead of taxes on land being a good deal too heavy, they were much lighter than they ought to be, and that their removal at a single stroke would not affect the question of agricultural depression by one jot. I never heard figures better handled, and though Mr. Fowler always looks a little too much of the family lawyer with a touch of the Dissenting minister thrown in, it was a pure pleasure to listen to his admirable exposition of a very complicated subject. Virtually, it knocked all the sawdust out of a very worthless case.

NEW V. OLD STATESMANSHIP.

However, the sensation of the week has been Mr. Asquith's speech in introducing the Welsh Disestablishment Bill. The contrast between Mr. Asquith's manner of dealing with such a measure and Mr. Gladstone's was present in the minds of nearly every one of his auditors. One shut one's eyes and pictured the Old Man, with his solemn phrases, his large historic parallels, a quotation from Virgil here, a line from Tennyson there, and then the stately presentation of the details of the Bill. Very different was Mr. Asquith's method, not less effective in its way, more keen, more direct, but, no doubt, less impressive. A few sharp sentences, and the general argument was brushed away, and we plunged with him into the method and fabric and shape and substance of the Bill. The work was done surpassingly well; there was not a moment's faltering, not a slurred phrase. The note of emotion was absent; Mr. Asquith did not affect to feel any regret at the disappearance of an establishment which everybody in his heart knew to be a gilded sham. His dissection of the piling-up of semi-fraudulent claims which went on under the Irish Church Act was as pitiless as it was deserved. And the young man who was showing this easy mastery of the forms and materials of a first-class political measure, involving a gigantic social reconstruction, was a few years ago unknown to the House, and known only to a circle of friends as a clever, promising lawyer. Mr. Asquith has, in a word, gone very far indeed, and his speech on the Welsh Bill convinced everybody who heard it that he is going a good deal further still. As for the Bill itself, I am not at all sure that it will pass. It is very complicated, if very statesmanlike, and it has already roused a wild, almost hysterical, outcry among the Church party. They especially hate the proposal to include Monmouthshire within the scope of the Bill, for they regard that as in a large measure disestablishing the Church of England as well as of Wales. Though everybody with the slightest shadow of interest gets full compensation, yet the proposal to make the cathedrals national property, to have the tithe collected by the County Councils, to give over the glebes and parsonages to the parish, and, above all, the secularisation of a large proportion of the endowments, these things will be fought to the very end. I foresee a long and stormy fight, an autumn session, a big political controversy as heated as that which raged over Home Rule.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

There was a fine display of rash Liberalism and even rasher Conservatism on Wednesday last, when the Miners' Eight-hours Bill passed its second reading by a majority of 87 votes. The only satisfactory part of this business is that the Bill has not yet been made a party question, and so members are free to discuss the matter as they like; but that cannot go on for long. Sooner or later, if the Bill is proceeded with, the Government of the day must make it their own or oppose it. As a cautious man, I confess to a feeling of embarrassment when Conservatives like Sir John Gorst and Lord Randolph Churchill help in rushing the second reading of a Bill of this far-reaching import in the course of one afternoon's debate. Two years ago, Mr. Gladstone himself denounced the eight-hours compulsory Bill on principle, and if no more discussion is required on this subject, I am at a loss to understand how any other can demand weeks for the same stage. However, the Speaker himself accepted the closure, and prevented the adjournment of the debate. Nobody expects the Bill to go any further, and the majority was largely composed of members who will not vote for the Bill in its final stages, but are afraid of being denounced in their constituencies as the enemies of the working-man. Mr. Chamberlain, indeed, announces that he only supports the Bill in order to introduce Local Option amendments in Committee—amendments, that is, which the proposers of the Bill have declared they will drop the Bill rather than accept. What humbug it all is! An Eight-hours Bill for miners who, as it is, work less than eight hours a day; a compulsory Bill for men who in Northumberland and Durham declare they will not accept it; and a Bill supported by members who are opposed to its main object, and declare that they only want to be able to amend it in a direction which is *ex hypothesi* useless! This is the triumphant position into which modern Parliamentary misgovernment has brought a really serious and important social question of the largest magnitude. It is the consequence of hurry. Mr. Burns, with his miners' delegates crowding the lobbies, has driven all reflective power out of the heads of half the House of Commons.

THE CHANCES OF THE BUDGET.

The Budget has been debated a great deal, and the more debated it is the more complicated and far-reaching do its provisions appear. Sir William Harcourt has his work cut out for him in arguing it. It is to be hoped that his temper will not give way. But, on the whole, the Budget looks to me like passing. The death duties graduation, though it is obnoxious in many respects, is not obnoxious in principle; and the income-tax exemptions, though they will cost the country dear, appeal to so many people's pockets that opposition is impossible. The spirit duties still look like giving most trouble. But, to speak frankly, the best chance of the Budget lies in the fact that the Opposition do not want to turn the Government out of office on it. That would mean that the Unionists would have to come in with a deficit of four millions to provide, and that they must raise the money in none of Sir William Harcourt's ways. If the Irishmen do revolt on the spirit duties, and the brewers and the liquor trade join in, there will be an awkward tactical situation to be faced.

WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT.

If there is an autumn session again this year, as there was last, and Radical members of Parliament are willing to sit continuously for three years in succession, then, and then only, is the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, introduced by Mr. Asquith on Thursday, likely to pass through the House of Commons, only to be thrown out, or, rather, sent back amended, by the House of Lords. If that stage is ever reached, it is safe to say that the House of Lords has impregnable strong ground to stand upon in maintaining that the Church in Wales cannot be treated separately from the Church in England, and that a Bill treating the Church at all must treat the whole field of its operations equally. But we are not likely to come to that stage. This Bill is not meant to pass. Mr. Asquith's speech consisted simply of a very lucid exposition of the provisions of the Bill, without any argument as to why it should pass. He wanted simply to conciliate the Lloyd-Georges and other Welsh Radicals whose votes are necessary for the Government. It was for that reason, too, that the Radical newspapers all praised his speech so much. Mr. Asquith is a favourite of the advanced Radicals, and they like to pat him on the back; but behind all that is the desire to make Mr. Lloyd-George contented with the Minister who on paper promises so fairly. Here is another conspiracy of humbug! What on earth is the good of Parliament now? Mr. Asquith might have explained his Bill in a newspaper article just as well, without taking up Parliamentary time, and the result would have been just the same. The provisions of the Bill are, of course, all the more plunderous and anti-religious in proportion as Mr. Asquith wanted to please the Welsh Radicals rather than to pass any legislation. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Sir Richard Webster poured in some excellent powder and shot upon the various confiscating details. But Mr. Asquith had occupied his two hours, and he had done all that the Government wanted, and he could afford to be easy. The Welsh Bill is now relegated to the shelf where rests the Local Veto Bill. They will not come out again, unless things look much brighter for the Radical party in England. The Leader of the House has felt the strain of Parliamentary life very much, and this fact accounts for his repeated absence from debate—rather ungraciously noticed by various members. Sir William went down to his seat in the New Forest for a little rest on Friday. He was very anxious about his Budget, and worked hard on it.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

On the principle of "better late than never," I am this week giving you sketches of three trousseau gowns for the royal bride, which, owing to the fact that space is not elastic, were unfortunately crowded out last week. However, as pretty dresses, they would always be interesting to women, I think, so let me, just as a reminder, repeat that the lovely evening dress is of white moiré with satin stripes, and with a shadowy design of pink roses, and an appliqué of leaf-green velvet exquisitely embroidered, the bodice being further trimmed with a berthe of yellowish old lace. The theatre dress is of turquoise-blue satin, with a narrow stripe of white moiré, the fulness of the bodice held in by bands of white moiré ribbon, which also appears in the form of bows on the berthe of white chiffon, the sleeves being composed of a cape-like frill of satin over a full puffing of chiffon. The skirt is bordered with large butterfly bows of moiré and chiffon. The remaining dress, which is intended for

gown of buttercup-yellow moiré antique, with a shot effect which gives a vague suggestion of shimmering green in certain lights. The bodice and skirt are made all in one, the slight folds about the waist being caught up on the left side, while the fulness of the bodice is held in by wallflower stalks, which in their turn are covered by a transparent corselet of silver passementerie, studded with jewels, which is continued into straps at the back. The trained skirt is bordered with a row of great yellow kingcups, headed by little bunches of exquisitely-shaded wallflowers, the warmest tint of which is reproduced in the satin train lining, of which one catches an occasional glimpse. There is a girdle of wallflowers round the waist, alternate bunches of kingcups and wallflowers, knotted together by their stalks, falling down the left side of the skirt, the square corsage being also outlined with the sweet-smelling flowers which for so long have been content to blush unseen, though this season they have been dragged forth into the glaring light of fame. The sleeves are veiled with yellow chiffon, a bunch of the two chosen flowers being visible beneath, and a cluster of kingcups falling loosely from the



GOWNS FOR THE ROYAL BRIDE.

race or garden party wear, is of pale mauve satin, with a pin spot in black, and is trimmed with a frill of chiffon in the same delicate shade, the lower part of the corsage being covered with jetted net.

So much for the dresses. Now I must give a word or two to a present for the bride which likewise shared their fate, for it is just the sort of thing which appeals to every woman, consisting as it does of a beautiful silver-mounted mirror, scent-bottles, and powder-box, presented by the servants at Clarence House, and manufactured by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Limited, of 22, Regent Street, S.W. One of the most interesting presents was a suite of drawing-room furniture from the "wives and maidens of Coburg." It included a table, on the top of which is a porcelain slab adorned with a view of the fortress of Coburg, painted at the Royal Porcelain Factory at Charlottenburg.

THE DRESSES IN "A BUNCH OF VIOLETS."

Mrs. Tree, as Mrs. Murgatroyd in the new Haymarket piece, wears some daring but eminently successful and beautiful gowns, the first (which she dons in Act II.) being of silver-grey glacé, with zig-zag stripes in white. The skirt is bordered with three tiny frills, and the zouave bodice is fastened with a large bow in front over an under-bodice of soft yellowish lace, which is draped girdle fashion round the waist, the long ends falling to the bottom of the skirt. The sleeves, which are prettily draped to the elbow and there caught with a bow, have transparent cuffs of lace. This altogether charming dress is very shortly changed for a dinner

elbows. This exquisite costume is completed by two black Mercury wings, placed coquettishly in Mrs. Murgatroyd's golden hair, and a dainty feather fan. In the last act she wears a dress of grass-green moiré antique, loosely draped across the figure in front, and with an overdress of white satin, opening at the sides to show the under petticoat of green, and bordered with very fine silver passementerie. It is cut slightly low at the neck, and edged with a narrow band of black satin, studded with tiny silver stars, the fulness being held in at the bust by a wide Empire band of cerise satin almost covered with an appliqué of creamy lace, and forming at the back a very graceful cape, which fits in closely at the waist, and falls in full folds from the shoulder, the vivid colouring being thrown up in strong relief by the lining of black satin, which forms the last note in a chord of colour which is daringly unconventional, and yet absolutely harmonious. I must not forget the sleeves of white satin, which are puffed and draped to the elbow, and finished with a fall of lace.

In striking contrast to these elaborately-beautiful gowns are those worn by Miss Lily Hanbury, the first being of emerald-green velvet, the skirt perfectly plain, and the coat bodice brightened at the sides and the back with handsome cut steel buttons, the waistcoat and cuffs being of creamy-white satin, covered with beautiful embroidery in fine gold cord, a finishing touch being given by a jabot of lovely yellowish old lace. Miss Hanbury next wears an evening gown of black moiré antique, its severe simplicity relieved by braces of sable fur, which also outlines the

[Continued on page 53.]

SMART MILLINERY.

Latest and
Prettiest
Novelties

Yorke
in
French
and
English
Millinery.

ONLY ADDRESS:

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BOND ST., W.

ONE BOX OF DR. MACKENZIE'S IMPROVED HARMLESS ARSENIC WAFERS

will produce the most lovely complexion that
the imagination could desire; clear, fresh, free
from blotch, blemish, coarseness, redness,
freckles, or pimples. Sent post free for 4s 6d.
—S. HARVEY (Dept. 32), 12, Gaskarth Road,
Balham Hill, London, S.W. To whiten hands
and skin use Dr. Mackenzie's Arsenical Toilet
Soap, 1s. 3d. per tablet, post free, three for 1s. 9d.

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"A charming Scent." — "The sweetest
H.R.H. The Duchess of York. of sweet odours."

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the Manufacturers, 24, Old Bond Street, London.

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Good housewives keep Sil-
veret Plate Powder on the shelf.
It gives two or three times the
lustre of any other and never
scratches either jewellery or plate.
SILVERET PLATE POWDER
is a vegetable compound, quite harm-
less. Ask your tradesman for a
shilling box. It costs nothing to
try it. A trial quantity will be
sent post free for the asking.
Write to-day to the Smithfield
Chemical Works, Great
Saffron Hill, London.

Buy

PETER ROBINSON'S MOURNING WAREHOUSE.

The latest Modes in Mourning always on view,
and when ladies prefer to select at home, an
Assistant will be sent with a full assortment of
Mourning Goods, travelling expenses not being
charged. Court and Complimentary Mourning.
These *Salons de luxe* also contain a beautiful
display of Novelties in Mantles, Gowns, Millinery,
&c., in all subdued shades, equally adapted for
wearing out of Mourning. Lingerie, Sunshades,
Hosiery, Gloves, &c.

HIGH-CLASS DRESSMAKING.

Patterns, Estimates, and Illustrations Free.

PETER ROBINSON,
256 to 264, REGENT ST.

"Highest Award at Chicago, 1893."
Lanoline
Toilet "Lanoline",.....6d. & 1/.
"Lanoline" Soap,.....6d. & 1/.
"Lanoline" Pomade.....1/6.
& Cold Cream.

"Once
tried,
always
used."

Should be used in every household, as [nothing is better
for the complexion.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. WHOLESALE DEPOT: 67, HOLBORN VIADUCT.

EDWARDS'

HARLENE FOR THE HAIR
WORLD-RENOUNDED
HAIR PRODUCER AND
RESTORER.



Prevents the Hair falling off and
turning grey.

Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of
the Hair and Beard.

THE WORLD-RENOUNDED REMEDY FOR

BALDNESS.



For Curing Weak and Thin Eyelashes, Preserving, Strengthening, and rendering the Hair beautifully Soft.
For removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c., also for Restoring Grey Hair to its natural colour, it is without a rival.

Physicians and Analysts pronounce it to be perfectly harmless and devoid
of any metallic or other injurious ingredients.

1s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers and Perfumers all
over the world, or sent direct on receipt of Postal Order.

95, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO

Whitens the teeth. Prevents
decay. Sweetens the breath.
Is most delightfully perfumed,
and composed of the most
costly and recherché ingre-
dients.

Ask anywhere for ROWLANDS' ODONTO, of 20, Hatton Garden,
London, and avoid cheap, gritty imitations. 2/9 per box.

HINDE'S HAIR CURLERS

Used
without
heat.

In 1d. & 1s. boxes of all
Hairdressers, Drapers,
and Fancy Houses in the
three Kingdoms.

Bright Metal.



HINDES LIMITED, MANUFACTURERS OF TOILET ARTICLES,
BIRMINGHAM & LONDON.

CHILDREN REARED ON MELLIN'S FOOD.



Gainsborough, Lincolnshire,
Feb. 16, 1894.

Dear Sir,—I send you a photo of our baby girl (Constance Mary) taken when she was 7 months old. She has been brought up entirely upon your Food from 8 weeks old, when she was a very delicate tiny mite, and could not digest milk and water. Now she is a strong bonnie baby, and I think does great credit to her Food.

Sincerely yours,
CARRIE S. BEARD.



33, Alkham Road, Stoke Newington,
March 5, 1894.

Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in enclosing a photograph of my little daughter, Vera Florence, taken when she was 9 months old. For the first three months she was very delicate, and though nursing her myself she suffered from acute indigestion, and could not retain her natural food. I was advised to wean her, and give her your Food, and the result was that from taking the first bottle she showed great improvement. She has been brought up entirely on your Food ever since, and is a fine healthy child, and at the time her photo was taken had 12 teeth, four of them double, and could almost walk alone. I may add she is now 12 months, and can walk well, and has now 14 teeth. I am naturally very pleased, and recommend your Food to all my friends.—Yours truly,
ALICE SIBLEY.

Her Imperial Majesty
the
**EMPRESS OF
GERMANY**
has testified to the
efficacy of MELLIN'S FOOD.

St. Mary's, Scilly.
March 8, 1894.

Sir,—Enclosed I have pleasure in sending you photograph of Ernest McDonald, taken when 7 months and 3 weeks old, and weighed over 20 lb. Fed on your Food, and is still having it. He is just as happy as photo represents, and had his first tooth when 8 months old.

Yours truly,
E. McDONALD.



44, Calverley Road, Tunbridge Wells.
April 2, 1894.

Sir,—I send you herewith photo of our little girl, Gladys Eveline, aged 20 months, who, since she was 3 months old, has been brought up on your Food. Prior to this time we had tried many other foods without success, but none suited her, until we tried yours. She has indeed thriven wonderfully since, and is as healthy a child as one could desire.

Yours faithfully,
A. M. HODGES.

**Awarded
HIGHEST HONOURS**
VIZ.:
**The Medal and
Diploma**
AT THE
**CHICAGO
EXHIBITION.**

Loch View, Row,
Nr. Helensburgh, N.B.,
March 19, 1894.

Dear Sir,—I send you herewith a photo of my boy, Angus McAnslan, aged 18 months, who was brought up entirely on your Food.

Yours faithfully,
ROBERT McANSLAN.

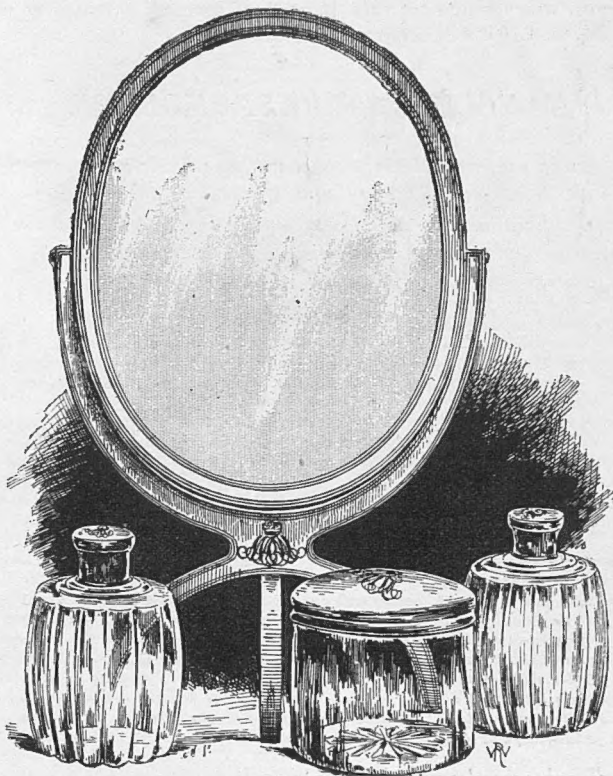


The above Testimonials are only a selection from many thousands received from grateful mothers.

MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, STAFFORD STREET, PECKHAM, S.E.

bodice drapery from right to left and bands the puffed elbow-sleeves. A touch of old lace is arranged in berthe fashion on the bodice, the stately simplicity, and, at the same time, rich beauty of the dress suiting Miss Hanbury to perfection. In Act IV. she wears the same dress, with the addition of a cloak of black-and-blue brocade, lined with powder-blue satin and trimmed with fur.

Miss Audrey Ford, as Hilda, has three simple and girlishly-pretty frocks, the first of blue crépon, with a crinkled stripe of white silk,



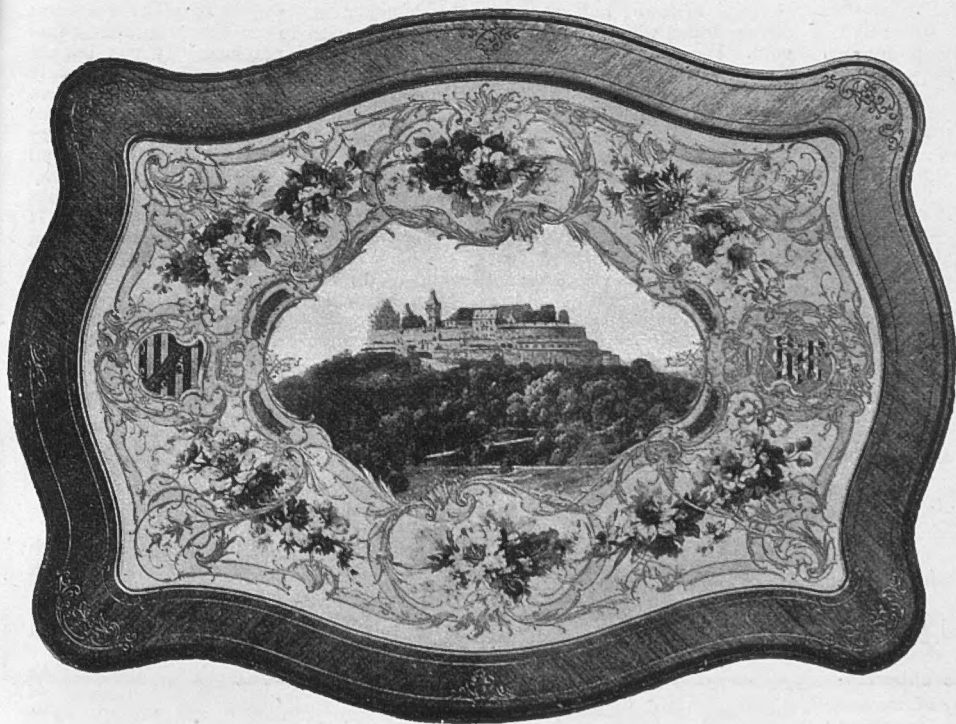
ONE OF THE ROYAL WEDDING PRESENTS.

having a plain, full skirt bordered with a triple flounce, the draped waistband of the baby bodice being of white ribbon embroidered with pink roses and buds, and a loosely-knotted bow of white chiffon being placed at the throat. Her evening dress is of white brocade, the bodice being entirely covered with cream-coloured guipure, which is continued into deep, plain basques, the waist being encircled by a belt of pearls and turquoises, which afterwards curves up in snake fashion towards the left shoulder. A frill of the same lace falls over the short puffed sleeves, its deep-creamy hue showing up to advantage on the snowy-whiteness of the brocade. Miss Ford's last costume consists of a perfectly plain skirt and coat of pale tan corduroy and a blouse bodice of white chiffon.

So you see that, altogether, the gowns do not form the least of the many strong attractions of the new piece.

A STOREHOUSE OF TREASURE.

If you turn out of the hurry and bustle and roar of Oxford Street into the quietness of Hanway Street, you will find yourself in a moment in



THE TOP OF A TABLE PRESENTED TO THE GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE.

front of a modern and very extensive "Old Curiosity Shop," bearing the name of Litchfield, and once inside that veritable storehouse of treasure, shut out entirely from the busy workaday world, and surrounded by the relics of past centuries, it is easy to almost forget one's identity for a time, and revel in the charm of these old-world curios. I am not at heart an antiquary, but I was taken to Litchfield's by some friends who are enthusiasts on the subject, and while they were discoursing learnedly—and to me unintelligibly—I contented myself by prowling round among the hundreds of quaint and beautiful things, and discovering a few tit-bits on which I might discourse to those of you who have a weakness like my friends for these old and quaint things of beauty. I was fascinated by a few somewhat gruesome little wax figures enclosed in glass cases, these, I found, being similar to those which, about two hundred years ago, used to be placed at the foot of tombs—interesting, certainly, but still gruesome, I maintain. And then my attention wandered off to a wonderful clock, which had originally belonged to the first Emperor Napoleon, and in which so much attention had been paid to the chariots and prancing horses which formed the design that the clock itself had been evidently a secondary consideration, for one had to search diligently before the face was discovered. Then, what do you think of a candelabrum, composed of a bird, consisting of rock crystal, surrounded by foliage from which hung amethyst and topaz grapes? The effect was wonderful, and this rock crystal used, Mr. Litchfield told me, to be found on the toilet tables—or whatever did duty for toilet tables—of the Spanish women, who, as its temperature never varied, used it for cooling their hands. But even the glories of the rock crystal paled before the quaintness of a wonderful pipe, the bowl of which was hidden by a little pagoda of carved wood in which, when the tiniest of handles was turned, a diminutive couple twirled round and round to the strains of a Lilliputian musical box. I wonder how the average man of to-day would appreciate such a pipe! I wish I could do justice to some of the other wonderful things I saw, but I cannot do that, I am sure, so I will content myself by drawing your special attention to the quaint old Chelsea group, of which I have got an illustration for you. It represents Europa and the bull, and you will remember how the bull was in reality Jupiter, who had changed himself into this animal form in order to carry off the beautiful Europa. And now I suppose you are thinking that, unless you are one of the very wealthy ones of the earth, there is nothing at Litchfield's to which you can dare to aspire; but that is just where you are mistaken, for there are all manner of quaint and beautiful things at quite low prices, and as for the old china which everyone loves, you can, for instance, get a wonderful old Crown Derby cup and saucer for half a guinea. This is only one example out of many, but it will show you that if you want to become the possessor of some of those old curios which lend such a charm to the modern house, you need not necessarily spend untold gold on their purchase. Mr. Litchfield's catalogue is itself a unique curiosity, and will be of the greatest interest to lovers of antiquities: it is very cleverly compiled, and the fullest information is given as to the source of each article, while prices are given in every case—I may also mention that every article in Mr. Litchfield's establishment is marked in plain figures, a fact which speaks for itself. Altogether, I so thoroughly enjoyed the hour I spent there that I quite forgot dresses, complexions, and everything else, save the charm of my surroundings. So, if you want a new experience, I should advise you to find your way likewise to Hanway Street. I can promise you a pleasant and an interesting time, and you are sure to pick up some things which will always be a delight to you and yours. I must not forget to mention that Mr. Litchfield is the author of those clever and useful books, "Pottery and Porcelain" (5s.) and the "Illustrated History of Furniture" (25s.). The latter volume has been in great demand, owing to the popular style in which the subject is treated by one who is undoubtedly competent to write on the theme.



EUROPA AND THE BULL.

FLORENCE.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, April 28, 1894.

On the whole, quotations have moved forward during the month, and on what are called the 334 representative securities the improvement has in the aggregate amounted to thirteen millions.

Cheap money has, of course, had a good deal to do with the increase in values; but the growth of public confidence is shown by the fact that more improvement is to be found in second- and third-class securities than among the very first class of investment stock, such as Consols.

Colonials have been well maintained, and the traffics of the Home Railways have given quite a buoyant tone to this market, especially among the heavy lines, where our old favourites, North-Easterns, have shown up well, while Brighton A stock has improved.

The features of the Foreign markets have been the rise in the Argentine gold premium and the improvement in Peruvian Corporation stocks, consequent upon the lifting from the market of a block of stock which the contractor has been anxious to dispose of, and which, it is said, has been taken over by a syndicate, among the members of which are Messrs. Raphael and Sons and other large finance houses. Despite the rise in the gold premium, River Plate stocks have been well maintained, and we are more than ever convinced that from Cédulas P to Central Argentine debenture-stock holders would do well to cling to their securities. Italians have been firm on the now generally expressed belief that Signor Crispi will carry his measures. It is an open secret that preparations are being made for a further reduction in the interest upon the Turkish 1871 and Defence loans, and holders will soon have the unpleasant option of being paid off at par or accepting a reduced rate of dividend. We suppose it is no use kicking against the pricks, but there is no real excuse for the proposed course, and we advise the holders to take time by the forelock and prepare for a serious agitation against the scaling-down process, which is just now so fashionable. Public indignation caused the withdrawal of the attempt which the city of Cape Town made in this direction, and, no doubt, general resistance of the Turkish bondholders would succeed in putting off the evil day—only it must be general and not individual resistance.

The shares of the Aërated Bread Company are among many home industrial companies which present attractive features just now. They have been as high as $8\frac{1}{2}$, and are to-day approximately $6\frac{1}{2}$, although the last balance-sheet is extremely favourable, and, except for the risk of keen competition, they should promise well in the future. Nothing succeeds like success, and by those who like high interest and are willing to take the risks of sound business, we consider both these shares and those of Spiers and Pond may be bought.

Among Rand mines the feature of the week has been the rise and firmness of Simmer and Gach shares, which have advanced to $6\frac{1}{2}$ upon the supposed arrangements for an amalgamation with a number of adjacent properties. The deal is to be engineered by the Consolidated Goldfields Company, and the right people are reputed to be in it. Stanhopes are supposed to have obtained a new lease of life by the discovery of gold-bearing strata about five feet below the worked-out reef, and Meyer and Charltons have advanced to $5\frac{3}{4}$ upon the improved prospects of the property. The Miscellaneous Mining market has been quiet but firm. We have seen little of the buying which went on a few weeks ago, but sellers have been few and far between. It is said that Day Dawn Blocks are worth picking up, and that favourable developments may shortly be expected, while the New Queen crushing is reckoned to show considerable improvement. Among land shares, Chartered and "Bechs" have been buoyant in tone, and are certainly the most active stocks in the market. The Rio Tinto meeting passed off quietly, and the prospects appear good. The price of copper has been miserable, and the sales of pyrites suffered from the coal strike. We do not expect much improvement in the price of the metal, but it seems fairly safe to count on no further trouble at present with the mines.

The affairs of the Trust Companies have presented no further interesting features, although the meeting of the Industrial yesterday was a stormy affair. The poll which is to decide the question of directorship will close on Monday, but it is safe to assume that the Collinson party will be defeated and that Mr. Frederick Walker will probably be elected. The shareholders may rest assured that if this gentleman gets on the board he will be a party to no covering up of the sins of the past. We understand that the Investigation Committee's report in the Trustees Corporation is well advanced, and that, although no personal corruption is likely to be proved, many improper transactions will be exposed, not the least startling of which will be the "cooking" of profit-and-loss accounts in the days of the corporation's prosperity.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

This week has been very barren in signs of the promoter's handiwork, but the following prospectuses have reached us—

BURROUGHS' REGISTERING ACCOUNTANT (CONTINENTAL PATENTS), LIMITED.—This company, under the skilful guidance of our old friend Ernest Lambert, offered 105,000 shares of £1 each for public subscription, and we are told they were all applied for—at any rate, as in the olden days, a premium was bid for them before allotment. The invention

is certainly a wonderful thing, and, did it not come from the source which gave us Water-gas, Passbury Grains, Linotype, and a host of other never-to-be-forgotten concerns, we should feel inclined to recommend a plunge. The old familiar names are writ large on the prospectus, and the old familiar game of "baby" companies will probably be played. To those who have allotments we say, Be sure you get out in time, and don't be too greedy.

THE CORPORATION OF WOLVERHAMPTON, like nearly every other corporation, is offering 3 per cent. stock, and is sure to get its money. To those happy people who can live on the investment of their principal at 3 per cent. we recommend this issue, and imagine a tender at about £100 18s. 6d. or £101 will secure an allotment.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

In consequence of numerous applications, we have made arrangements for Messrs. Lamb, Shearer, and Co. to answer through the medium of our columns such questions on investment and other financial matters as our readers may address to the City Editor of this paper.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Thursday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made by Messrs. Lamb, Shearer, and Co. to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention. No brokers can be recommended, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

Unless the above rules are observed, it will be impossible to carry out the wishes of the numerous readers at whose desire this new departure has been undertaken, and we trust, therefore, that correspondents will aid us by observing the rules we have laid down in the general interest.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. E. P.—We know nothing of the enterprise you mention. As you are a minor, you can repudiate the contract and escape further liability. Consult a respectable solicitor, and instruct him to write to the company for you. If you like to write to us again, we will hand your letter to our own solicitors, but if so, send prospectus and other documents.

J. M. R.—We know nothing of the prospectus of 1888. Send it to us with the fee for professional assistance, and we will advise you. This company issued £150,000 of additional capital on May 18, 1889, and the prospectus then published is open to attack. There is no doubt that the subscribers, upon the faith of the later document, are entitled to relief.

OMEGA.—The mining company you mention is in bad repute. If you are a rich man, hold on for a gamble; if not, take what you can for your shares. The late correspondence in the papers must have opened your eyes to the position of the stores. The thing came from a bad source, and we would not advise any dealings with the shares. Let the African Land Company alone; but if you must gamble, buy Chartered shares on a fall and clear out on a rise.

MEXICO.—The republic pays the interest on its silver bonds, and is likely to continue to do so; but, of course, the depreciation in silver reduces the amount of the coupon which holders receive when they wish to convert their interest into gold. We consider the 3 per cent. loan a good purchase. If you bought Uruguays at 33 $\frac{1}{2}$, sell half and hold the balance. Eastman preference shares are not a bad speculative lock-up, only do not forget the fact that it is a speculation.

H. R.—If you had looked at the correspondence rules, you would have seen that no private answers are sent without a fee of five shillings. We know very little of the company you name, which is not dealt in on the Exchange. Send us the last two reports with the balance-sheets, and we will look into the matter.

CHOCOLATE.—The Automatic Company you refer to has not a good name, but the reports appear to be satisfactory. We fancy it is easier to buy than sell. If you want a reasonable investment to pay you 6 per cent., why not buy United States Brewing Company debentures, upon which you may sleep in peace. The preference shares are a reasonable commercial risk, and we know the company is doing well. Ely Brothers at present prices would yield your interest, and is, we know, an honest concern.

NERO.—The shares you ask our opinion upon are a fair industrial risk, and the concern is perfectly honest. We consider nitrate shares promise well, especially Nitrate Railways, San Jorge and Pacchas, all of which will pay you very high interest with reasonable risk.

SENEX.—We can find out nothing about the company you mention. It is quite unknown on the Stock Exchange. Where is the company's registered office? This is a case in which we would not undertake to give you any reliable information without a special inquiry fee of five shillings, for it means a great deal of trouble and some expense to obtain what you want.

APE.—Industrial and General Trust preference shares are worth holding.

SIGMA.—We cannot recommend any firm of brokers (see rules). Deal through your own bankers, or get a friend to introduce you to some member of the Stock Exchange.

A. W. Y.—Let the company you name alone. We never heard of any good coming from such a quarter. Hold on to your Argentine securities, and sell Mexican Railway second preference stock.

R. B. R.—Our opinion is against the investment your letter refers to. As a gamble it may be all right, but to talk about it as an investment is a misuse of the word. If you have spare cash and are prepared to risk it, and, perhaps, make a big haul, we see no objection to what you propose.